

ACOUNTS OF THE NIGHTINGALE (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

10, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VOL. XLIX. No. 1274.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4th, 1921.

Published Weekly, PRICE ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price, per annum, post free
Inland, 65/- Canadian, 60/- Foreign, 80/-

PAUL RUINART

1906 and 1911 Vintages

A quality wine of rare bouquet at a moderate price, listed by all high-class Hotels, Restaurants and Stores.

CHAMPAGNE

Sole Agents (WHOLESALE) in Britain for Paul Ruinart et Cie, Rheims: Aitken Melrose & Co., Ltd., Melrose House, 26, Pall Mall, LONDON, S.W.1, and MANDARIN HOUSE, 126-128, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

Established 1829.

JUST ONE MINUTE, PLEASE!

Only 450 of the 7,050 blind population of Greater London are in workshops!

THE GREATER LONDON FUND FOR THE BLIND is a great combined effort of the institutions and workshops for the blind of Greater London to secure

£250,000

the necessary sum to assist those who, in addition to the hardships of the present day which we all share, are blind.

Their need is your opportunity

Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Greater London Fund for the Blind, 14, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

N.B.—Note JUNE 8th RED LETTER DAY IN LONDON Something of interest to both you and the Blind. 500 Prizes.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.



to H.M. The King

BARKER BODY



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS

Acknowledged the World's Best Car.

London Retailers and Body Specialists,

BARKER & CO. (Coachbuilders) LTD.,
66, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1. Tel. Mayfair 7110

WHITEHALL Hotel Restaurant SHREWSBURY

(BUILT BY MASTER RICHARD PRYNCE IN 1578)
Illustrated in "Country Life," February 1920.

EVERY MODERN COMFORT provided, including ELECTRIC LIGHT, BATHS, CENTRAL HEATING, MOTOR GARAGE.

Proprietors: DUGDALE & WARD.

FURNISHED THROUGHOUT with fine examples of OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE of 16th, 17th and 18th CENTURIES.

Tel. 231 & 261 Shrewsbury.

Illustrated Tariffs on Application.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

AVON Tyres

Lower Running Costs

British Avons are now available at prices which make it unnecessary to risk running worn tyres too long, wasteful to invest in war-clearance goods of doubtful condition, and extravagant to pay inflated prices for imported tyres.

Your Agent can supply on demand—more than 1,000 Garages stock.



TREDEGARS

Objets d'Art
Persian Rugs and Carpets
Decoration . . . Lighting



Showrooms:

5, 7 & 9 BROOK STREET
LONDON W 1

Tredegar, Ltd.

CHAMPAGNE DELBECK

Vintage
1911

Extra Reserve
Extra Sec.



The Wine that underwent the bombardment of Reims in the "Caves Delbeck" from 4th September, 1914, to 6th October, 1918, and which bears THE CHEVRON LABEL.

Obtainable at all the leading hotels and restaurants and from all wine merchants

GREEN'S MOWERS & ROLLERS

WORLD
RENNED

By Appointment
To H.M. The King

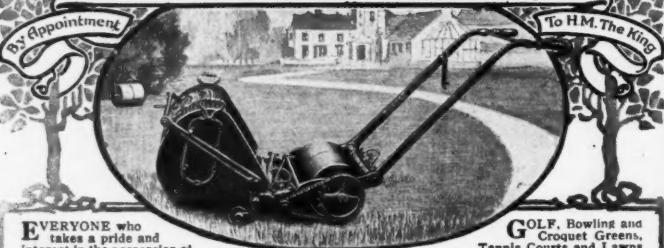
EVERYONE who takes pride and interest in the possession of a beautiful velvety lawn should become the owner of a Green's Lawn Mower. This scientifically perfect machine cuts cleanly and closely, is remarkably light and easy to use, quickly adjusted and always in smooth running order, while the name "Green's" is sufficient guarantee of the high quality and exceptional finish.

T. GREEN & SON, Ltd.
Smithfield Iron Works, Leeds, and New Surrey Works, Southwark St., London, S.E. 1.

GOLF, Bowling and
Croquet Greens,
Tennis Courts and Lawns

may be quickly and easily brought to a state of perfection by this perfect and well-balanced machine. Obtainable from all Ironmongers.

MOTOR MOWERS made in sizes 13in. to 42in.
List No. 12 free on request.



HOPES' CENTRAL HEATING & HOT WATER SUPPLY



Send enquiries to:-

HENRY HOPE & SONS LTD.
SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM.
or 59 BERNERS ST, LONDON, W.

Telephone: Smethwick 320.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

HORTICULTURAL CATALOGUE GUIDE.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

In order to avoid waste in the printing of catalogues, readers are advised to apply to the following firms for the catalogues they require. We therefore beg to point out that the undermentioned firms will be very pleased to send their useful catalogues to our readers free of charge on receipt of a post card.

FRUIT TREES & PLANTS

JOHN WATERER, SONS & CRISP, Ltd.
BAGSHOT, TWYFORD, and LONDON

Rhododendrons, Fruit Trees, Roses, Hardy Alpine, Perennials, Topiary Work, Seeds and Seed Potatoes.

J. CHEAL & SONS, Ltd. Ornamental Shrubs
CRAWLEY

G. BUNYARD & CO., Ltd. Fruit Trees
Royal Nurseries
MAIDSTONE

KELWAY & SON Hardy Plants
Retail Plant Department
LANGPORT, SOMERSET

Colour Borders
Gladoli

SEEDS AND BULBS

R. WALLACE & CO., Ltd. Hardy Herbaceous
Plants, Irises and
TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Bulbs for Spring Planting.

THE GARDEN.

Price 8d. Weekly.

Offices: 20, Tavistock Street, W.C.2.

GARDEN ARCHITECTURE

By Appointment
PULHAM & SON
71, Newman Street, W.
Works: Broxbourne.
Nurseries: Elsenham.

Garden Craftsmen,
Bookworkers,
"Pulhamite" Stone
Vases, Sundials,
Fountains, etc.

R. WALLACE & CO., Ltd. Landscape & Garden
Architects to Queen
Alexander's Cup for
Best Rock and Water
Garden. International
Show, 1912.

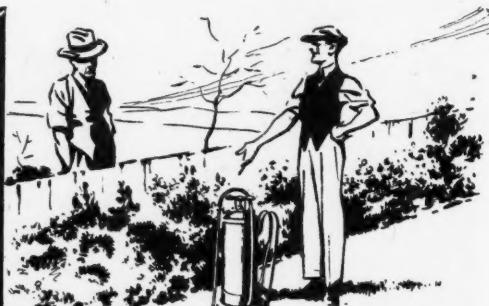
H. LANE & SON. Economy in Garden
Design, Rock Garden
Lawns, etc.
BERKHAMSTED
'Phone 18.

General Nurserymen &
Landscape Gardeners.

GARDEN SUNDRIES

WAKELEY'S HOP MANURE (Patented)
WAKELEY BROS. & CO., Ltd. The most reliable
G2, Banksdale, and complete
substitute for
LONDON, S.E.
Report of Royal Horticultural Society.
"Your patented Hop Manure has been used in the
Society's Gardens at Wisley, and I am pleased to
report that it has proved excellent for the flower
borders, fruit and vegetable grown both under
glass and out in the open air."
(Signed) W. WILKS, Secretary.
Only 6/- a bushel bag. Write for Booklet.

GARDEN SUPPLIES Ltd. All Garden
(BOUNDARY CHEMICAL CO.) Estate
Crammer Street and Sport
LIVERPOOL. Requirements



Spraying prevents
Disease & Blight-

The
UBEL
AND HOLDER-HARRIDEN
SPRAYING & LIMEWASHING
MACHINES

The great demand that arose during the War for UBEL and Holder-Harriden Spraying and Lime-washing machines showed them to be a necessary component of agricultural production. Their increased popularity during peace testifies to the good work of these machines, and to that quality which has come to be expected of all UBEL Products.

Catalogue Section "S" covers all
the UBEL and Holder-Harriden
Spraying and Lime-washing
machines. Post free on application.
"There's a Spraying Machine for
every purpose."



United Brassfounders
and Engineers Limited

FIVE WORKS
HEAD OFFICE
EMPIRE FOUNDRY
CORNBROOK
CHESTER
ENGLAND

ALSO AT LONDON, GLASGOW, NEW-
CASTLE AND BIRMINGHAM.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLIX. No. 1274.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4th, 1921.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



BERTRAM PARK,

MISS JOAN LAMBTON.

43, Dover Street, W.1

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 780.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: Miss Joan Lambton</i>	661, 662
<i>Railway Rates and Increased Postage. (Leader)</i>	662
<i>Country Notes</i>	663
<i>Sunrise in Shan Tung from a Boat, by the Hon. C. R. L. Kenworthy</i>	663
<i>Deary Song, by Lady Margaret Sackville</i>	664
<i>Haunts of the Nightingale. (Illustrated)</i>	665
<i>A Very Modern Spirit</i>	668
<i>The Wilton Armour, by F. H. Cripps-Day (Illustrated)</i>	669
<i>Country Home: Lampert Hall, by J. A. Gotch. (Illustrated)</i>	672
<i>Chinese Art in England: IX.—Polychrome Porcelains, by R. L. Hobson. (Illustrated)</i>	679
<i>Some Impressions from Hoylake, by Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated)</i>	682
<i>Quo Vadis Europa? IV.—From Sofia, by Stephen Graham. Correspondence</i>	683
<i>Woodcock Carrying Young (George Southcote); Experiment on the Rate of Digestion of the Food of the Black-headed Gull (Dr. Francis Ward and Hubert D. Astley); the Habits of the Squirrel; Working Coal Out-Crops in Lancashire (Joyce H. M. Bancks); Waterloo and the Playing Fields of Eton (Hubert Burrows); Nine Eggs in a Blackbird's Nest (K. S. Wakefield); "Working on the Toads"; Village Concert Party (G. A. Hinxman); An Artistic Beetle; A Japanese Flower Seller (D. D. Lyne); The Collecting of Water (R. Gorbold).</i>	685
<i>The Estate Market</i>	687
<i>The Second of Epsom's Classic Races</i>	688
<i>Lawn Tennis, by F. R. Burrow</i>	688
<i>Game Birds and Their Enemies, by R. Sharpe. (Illustrated)</i>	689
<i>Satinwood Furniture at Its Best, by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated)</i>	690
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i>	lxvii.
<i>The New Dance Frock. (Illustrated)</i>	lxviii.
<i>Indoors and Out. (Illustrated)</i>	lxix.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

RAILWAY RATES AND INCREASED POSTAGE

EVERY day increases the number of those who are taking part in the movement to reverse the decision of the Postmaster General to increase the rates of postage. The question is not one that ought to be settled by any single Minister. It affects the prosperity of the whole community and, therefore, should not have been decided until Parliament had had an opportunity for discussing the pros and cons. Obviously it is not desirable that the responsible Minister of any department should be allowed to increase either rates or charges simply because he is in a financial fix. Anyone conducting a great private business would think twice about adopting this apparently easy way out of a difficulty. Before taking a step that was certain to diminish the number of his customers he would make a diligent search for any possible means of obtaining the necessary funds by greater economy. That does not necessarily mean squeezing salaries or dropping services. A private individual would find the occasion very stimulating to his imagination. It is an old but very true saying that necessity is the mother of invention. But if the necessity be denied, then, of course, no invention will follow. The worst of official management is that the official, whether he be in a high position like the Postmaster General or in a humble position like the postmaster of a tiny village, is freed from the care that arises from a knowledge that any loss incurred will come out of his own pocket. That in itself leads to a condemnation

of the official management of any business. But in the case of the Post Office there is very much more to consider than this. It was recognised when the penny post was introduced that it would lead to the greater prosperity of the nation, and it did. Business depends upon propaganda, and any restriction of propaganda must necessarily cause a proportionate shrinkage of business. More important still, it works in the direction of widening the distance between this country and its Dependencies. Already Australasia, India and South Africa are very far away, and it takes a long time for a communication to pass between them. Increasing the postage increases the distance. In the case of Canada it does far more, because it makes Canada depend for her newspapers on the United States, and the effect of that needs no dilating upon.

In the management of the railways the same error has been made. Cheap transport of goods is as important to trade as the cheap distribution of letters. It may be that the railways will be compelled to reverse the wrong policy on which they have embarked, by the results. Never since railways were established has there been evinced such a general desire to be independent of them as at the present moment. As far as the passenger is concerned, he has ceased to look upon railway travelling as a pleasure, if he ever did so. He may travel for the sake of enjoyment at the other end of the journey, but the journey itself is a bore and an affliction. Cooped up in a narrow space, whenever the season or the occurrence of some excuse for a crowded gathering occurs, he may find himself packed as disagreeably close as cattle in a truck. Experiences of that kind have caused him to long for the open air and the open road. Very few people would use a railway at all if any open and swift vehicle were at their disposal.

A point has been reached also at which railway rates force business people to find out if they cannot send their goods more cheaply by road. A case in point was brought before the notice of the writer a few days ago when his advice was asked about the purchase of a fruit farm situated six miles from a market. After it was ascertained that the land was good, the trees fruitful, the glass and out-houses satisfactory and the price reasonable, the point was raised whether the distance from a railway would not be a barrier to distribution. Curiously enough, the very same point had been raised by a flower-grower only a few days earlier. He had the chance of acquiring a holding exactly suitable for his purpose except for the reason that it was situated two miles from a branch line. Therefore his answer, as they say in the House of Commons, was in the negative. With the fruit farm it was different, because a considerably larger capital was being sunk, with the intention of working on a large scale and for the production of expensive products. Hot-houses, cool greenhouses and frames were to be used on a considerable scale. That enabled the would-be purchaser to say that the matter had been worked out, and with railway rates as high as they are at present it was just as cheap and more convenient to utilise motor transport. In addition to many other advantages, this has the great advantage of starting when the owner pleases so that the market can be reached at an opportune moment. It often happens in the country that trains are run more for buyers than for sellers. Naturally the latter want to have their goods in position ready for sale before the buyer comes on the scene. But the railway company does not, as a rule, take this into consideration. If an acceleration of service is required, a very common procedure is for the railway people to count the passengers on the line and decide according to the number. In that case the convenience of the buyer is studied and that of the seller neglected.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Miss Joan Lambton, youngest daughter of the Hon. F. W. and Mrs. Lambton, is given on the first page of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE. Her engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Hugh E. Joicey, D.S.O., late 14th Hussars, second son of Lord Joicey, has recently been announced.



COUNTRY NOTES

IN business circles there is a well founded belief that, were the coal dispute satisfactorily settled, the signs are in favour of a great revival of trade taking place. Orders were coming in plentifully before the stoppage occurred, and they would be increased if fuel were available for the great manufacturing towns. But it is necessary that the settlement should be of a permanent character. Mr. Lloyd George on this occasion has won the respect of all concerned by the clearness and firmness with which he has from the first insisted upon this point. There was undoubtedly a feeling among the miners that they would obtain something more from him than from the Minister of Labour, but they must know in their hearts that there is such a thing as an irreducible minimum. The country will indeed be disappointed if after this there should come another coal dispute. A few more would have the result of bleeding the country to death. The miners will receive full support in their resistance to any attempt to give them less than they are justly entitled to, but the question must be settled by a Wages Board or some other authority which enjoys the confidence both of the owners and the men. Its decision should be final. Some arrangement on these lines is urgently needed if practical measures are to be taken for the avoidance in the future of these suicidal quarrels.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Lloyd George has assured the miners that he has made no threat of compulsory arbitration, it may be necessary in the end to apply it equally to employers and employed. At present what is to be aimed at is that no dispute shall arise, and the way to ensure this result is to form a judicial body that will command the respect both of the employers and the employed. In other words, the mediation must be founded upon the strictest justice. It may be that the owners will have to publish full figures of their returns and the profit they make, as, unless this is done, it is impossible to say with any certainty what is a fair division between the claims of Capital and Labour. In a word, the matter must be taken up heartily and with earnestness. If it is not, then England has made a step towards ruin, because coal is a fundamental article. Without it our manufactures could not go on, and our respect of freedom would be abused if it led to any one calling being able to reduce all the other callings to paralysis. The miners would realise the force of that argument if, for example, the millers struck because they had some internal dispute about wages or prices. The consequences would be that no bread would be forthcoming, and bread is even more essential than coal. The miner would be the first to revolt if he could not obtain a loaf at any price. Yet this is exactly what he is doing to others when he refuses the coal necessary to cook the loaf.

MR. CASTELL WREY'S paper read to the Farmers' Club on May 30th was an admirable production. Mr. Wrey avoided the mistake of going into elaborate figures and showing systems of book-keeping. These deal with matters

which the student can decide for himself after he has made up his mind about the value of keeping books. Mr. Wrey's argument was addressed mainly to the sort of man who says that agricultural costings are not worth a tinker's damn. He very effectively proved that they are of the greatest value. As the matter stands, the farmer either is content to go by his bank-book or he, in too many cases, follows the ancient custom of putting away his profit in a stocking, or its equivalent. The advice given to him is that he should keep books that will enable him to ascertain not only whether the result is gain or loss, but will show where either has occurred. Obviously, if any amendment is to be made in agricultural practice it must be founded on an exact knowledge of what has been profitable and what is not profitable. The farmer judges too frequently by mere general results. If his balance is up, it is all right; if it is down, it is all wrong. Therefore, when the profit is fairly good he will not, unless he keeps close accounts, enquire whether or not it might have been greater. He is in no position to answer the question as to whether the best possible profits have been wrung out of the land.

MR. CASTELL WREY in one part of his paper made out a very good case indeed for the farmer keeping accurate accounts. He recalls that in 1916-17, when farmers did very well indeed, they were called "profiteers" and they had no means of refuting the implied accusation. When a question of wages comes up one point invariably urged by the representatives of the men is that the farmer will not produce a balance sheet. They have a seemingly irremovable suspicion that he gets more than his due share of the plunder. Again, when Parliament is asked to pass agrarian legislation there is a want of accurate and detailed knowledge. These disadvantages would be cleared away if the farmer kept books on a methodical plan. It is of no use to try to conceal profits in these days when a typical industry is carried on by a limited liability company which periodically issues a report of its profits and losses and a balance sheet. The farmer should recognise that he has made a mistake during the past in not giving exact information about his profits. Were he to begin doing so now, that would be the first step towards a permanent solution of the labour difficulty.

SUNRISE IN SHAN TUNG FROM A BOAT.

Sunrise and silhouette,
At Wei-hai-wei;
A crimson ball with hills black jet
And majesty.
Sampan and cormorant
And boatmen's rune;
The perfect sea grey opal-tint
A wisp'ring tune.
Four ships like sheep at rest
Behind the isle;
A land-locked bay from East to West
And seven mile. . . .

Passion of peacefulness
At break of day;
The Bridegroom in his glory-dress
Goes on his way.

C. R. L. KENWORTHY.

THE threat of the Upper Medway Conservancy to dismiss the staff for lack of funds has been postponed until June 30th as a result of private guarantees and the advice of the Draining Sub-Committee of the Kent County Council. We are asked by the Secretary to the Medway Conservancy, Rochester, to explain that the Medway Conservancy does not control the whole of the river. The Medway is under three jurisdictions. The length from Sheerness to Hawkwood, Burham, is under the old Board of Conservators, incorporated in 1881. Next above that is the Medway Lower Navigation Company, which exercises authority between Burham and a point about a mile above Maidstone. The third is controlled by the Board known as the Upper Medway Conservancy, which obtained an Act of Parliament about ten years ago, and has jurisdiction between

Maidstone and Tonbridge. The Board has its offices at Rochester and is an absolutely sound concern.

THE Minister of Agriculture is doing well in spurring up the back-yarder to keep on with his poultry keeping. At the present moment we are paying at the rate of thirty-five million pounds a year for foreign eggs and chickens. All that money might usefully be kept at home. It is a commonplace of poultry keeping that better results are obtained from small lots than from large. The reason is that each of the small batch gets more individual attention and the food is provided on a more liberal scale because a reasonable number of chickens can be fed on the refuse of the humblest house and the little flock may easily be enlarged to one on a more ambitious scale if a garden or an allotment is at the owner's disposal as well. A great many waste vegetables that at present are unused might, with a little trouble and attention, be used in feeding the chickens. In the leaflet it has sent out the Ministry has emphasised the need for cleanliness, urges the back-yarder to look out for disease, and devoutly hopes he will not annoy his neighbours by keeping loud-crowing cocks. We do not know that any knowledge of how to deal with disease is necessary except in the case of pedigree hens, which the back-yarder is not likely to own. The best way is to kill any fowl that shows signs of disease. It is not worth the trouble and expense of treatment. In regard to the last question, that of cock-crowing, a small flock of hens will lay as well without the male bird as with it, perhaps better, because the hens are annoyed by the too persistent attentions of the male.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN must have carried away with him, in addition to the impressions he described so agreeably in his farewell letter, a vivid realisation of the extent to which the English nation is addicted to sport. We do not know if he plays golf at all, but he seemed greatly interested in the match which he witnessed, and it was impossible that even one who did not know our language was not conscious of the extraordinary excitement produced by the play for the Amateur Championship. This was due, in part, to the presence of some of the very best players from America. The English side, in a way common to their race, rather exaggerated the superiority of the Americans and spoke very modestly of their own skill before the day of battle. But when it came to a hard test the Americans fell one by one, and the final tussle was between two English players. That tussle was not the most dramatic of the championship. We rather incline to give that distinction to the series of matches played by Mr. Bernard Darwin. Nothing more spirited has been witnessed in the history of the game than the courage, the resolution and resource with which, day after day, he battled his way to the front. In the course of it two of the American champions, one, Mr. Wright, a favourite for the prize, fell to his sword, or rather his club, and it was a matter of general grief that he himself lost to Mr. Hunter, who is now the Amateur Champion, after a splendid contest. Mr. Darwin could scarcely have earned more admiration if he had won outright.

NO shortage of trains interfered with the multitude of people who attended the Chelsea Show this year. Their presence showed a widely extended gardening interest, which is all the keener because it was held in check so many years by the war. Many of the visitors were obviously actuated by the desire to pick up information and help, either for the construction of new gardens or the reconstruction of those that had been allowed to get out of hand during the war. Without exception they seemed to express themselves as thoroughly satisfied. They went from one form of flower to another, from one form of garden to another, from one seedsman's display to another and were hard put to it to find a reason for thinking that there was any one superior to its companions, so high was the general level of the exhibits. There were also many novelties, new flowers shown, and these will be dealt with by our Gardening Editor in next week's issue, which is that of our Summer Number.

THE House of Commons without Mr. Long will be like the play of Denmark with Hamlet left out. But time moves on with inexorable tread, and at the time of writing rivals are competing for the seat left vacant by the Commoner who will always be known as Mr. Walter Long. He is a Commoner no longer, but now Baron Long of Wraxhall. We are glad that he has retained his own name, as it will long be associated with great movements and great events in English politics. The type to which Mr. Walter Long belongs is one very worthy of honour. He is a typical country gentleman, versed in country pursuits and manly exercises, full of knowledge regarding the affairs of the county and its administration, knowledge which proved of inestimable service when subjects pertaining to them came up for discussion in the House of Commons. He belongs to a class from which many of our great legislators have been drawn, a class distinguishable for a patriotism that never is used to cloak self-interest.

NEXT week the sensational visitor to London will be a German, but a German who abstracts himself from the goings-on of this world. Professor Albert Einstein lives in his books and in his laboratory, and we may add in his music. He is a great musician and plays Mozart for his solace. Many people in this country will be inclined to express a humble hope and desire that Professor Einstein may make himself intelligible to his audience. A Berlin correspondent gives a phrase from one of his lectures that he describes as hopeful. Perhaps he understands it better than we do. In it Einstein reminds the audience "that if a human being were projected with the velocity of a streak of light to some point beyond the earth's surface and as violently hurled back again he would not have aged a second although the earth in the meantime had revolved through a thousand years of human reckoning." It is always comforting to quote anything really helpful, and therefore we pass this on from the sober *Daily Telegraph* wherein we found it.

DREARY SONG.

When ragged is the country and tawdry is the town,
When every heart is broken and Hope goes dressed in brown,
Beneath a chilly hedge-row some Sunday afternoon
We'll sit and mope together and sing a dismal tune :

" Pan's dancing-days are over, the grass is no more green,
And nothing's left to happen since everything has been,
And Lucy's lost her locket and Polly's hair's turned grey,
And Georgie Porgie kissed the girls and after ran away.

" Deeds crumble and dreams dwindle, Queen Anne is *really* dead,
There's nothing left to comfort us save Beef and Beer and Bread,
And everyday's like Sunday and Sunday's like a year—
But nobody is listening—we'd better disappear."

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE result of the first Test Match, to say the least of it, is not encouraging to English prospects. It cannot be pleaded that the Australians were favoured by the state of the pitch. They are always expected to do their best on a very dry wicket, and this was a very wet one. The scoring on both sides was extremely low, and on the British ridiculously so. England only scored 112 in the first innings, and Australia replied with 232. In the second innings England made 147, and Mr. Bardsley and Mr. Macartney between them made 30 for Australia and won the match.

IT is interesting to notice how many attempts are being made to revive dialect both in England and Scotland. In Scotland there has just been published a substantial volume dealing with the grammar and pronunciation of the Scottish language, the native Doric being translated into a weird new language which looks as though it would take more learning even than the patois of Aberdeenshire. In Somerset an effort scarcely less ambitious is being made. A number of eminent men belonging to that beautiful and historic county are combining to issue a series of booklets with a view to preserving for all time the dialect and local lore of Somerset and keeping alive the county spirit

and interest. It is an idea that will meet with a great deal of sympathy outside as well as inside the county. As the nation is becoming commercialised it is, like America, turning greatly in favour of abbreviations and portmanteau words that carry a great deal of meaning in a very little space, while the more vivid and living phrases of the

country people, who had no cause to hurry or rush at expressing themselves, are passing out of speech and in danger of being forgotten. There is many a jewel of language which might be very properly restored by men like the Somerset worthies who are combining to create this little library for the West.

HAUNTS OF THE NIGHTINGALE

ON a clear moonlit night following one of the many brilliant days last month gave us I sat in the courtyard of a little house about twenty-five miles from London, smoking after an outdoor repast. With me was an old colonel whose burden of four-score years had not abated his spirit or bent his tall military figure, and a young captain who had left college on the outbreak of war to join the Army. He was of the same stuff as his elder and it was not difficult to imagine him "forty years onward, forty years on," equally hale and hearty. Neither was literary in the cultured sense of the word; neither had a scintilla of affection in thought or word, but each was a sportsman with a liking for natural history—not of the book kind, but such as is picked up casually during shooting, fishing, travel and kindred pursuits.

The soothing effect of food and wine and smoke made them more than appreciative of the perfect night which had a softness of beauty you do not get in sunlight. Assisted by the delicious scent of flowering hawthorn it lent a touch of magic and mystery to the trees far and near, standing singly or in old coppice and young plantation, and the green carpet on which they stood. "It is a topping night," said the youngest of the trio. "And there's the nightingale." The bird's "whit, whit, whit," came from a wild piece of hedge left in mercy to him. When this was briefly explained the colonel nodded intelligently. "A plague of neatness has come to the country," he said. "When I was a boy many of the fields had hedges ten or twelve yards wide—rare haunts for rabbit for one who had just come into possession of a gun and a spaniel. For the nightingales, too. We knew where to look for the nests of most birds, and the favourite place for the nightingale was just such a one as that. I fancy the grubs and things it likes find their food under the thickets of wild rose and bramble that were allowed to choke the quicks."

Old age has earned the privilege of being garrulous, and we were in the right listening mood, so he went on. "I can stand the nightingale, but the cuckoo I cannot stand. Once I began to count how often one of them would repeat that silly cry of his and I persevered to the eightieth and then gave it up. But my taste in evening sounds is peculiar. The one I like best is the croaking of a frog." As if to impress on us that this was not a mere affection he imitated the noise of frogs in a pond so exactly and yet with so much appreciation that it became music and, though we laughed at his performance, one felt certain that next time the amorous frog sounded his

note from the lily pond it would be heard by one pair of ears, at least, with new appreciation.

As he was talking the challenge from the nightingale was taken up by the occupant of a distant spinney which sent a reply like the note of a silver bugle over the intervening fields of wheat and growing hay. Another and another and still another joined it till the minstrelsy had spread over wood and field. They do so nightly, and often one has been lulled to sleep by their song softened as it was by distance and diffusion.

It may be that the younger soldier suspected a danger of all of us dropping into poetry; if so he effectually changed the current of thought. "All this reminds me greatly of the Eastern front, only you have no Pelion nor Olympus in your landscape. And no water. The nightingales in Macedonia were no end of a nuisance. After a day's stiff marching I have known the brigadier order out the tired men to fire volleys in order to scare the nightingales away. It was impossible to sleep for their noise. On one occasion at which I was present the men themselves, though fearfully tired, got up in the early morning and collected all kinds of missiles—sticks and stones and biscuit tins—with which they bombarded the nightingales till they produced some sort of quiet." The colonel laughed. "It reminds me of a friend I had north of the Humber," he said. "He lived in an eighteenth century house which had what our forefathers called a wilderness in front of it, a sort of wild plantation of widely planted trees with an undergrowth of miscellaneous bushes. He was a good sportsman who knew a lot about birds, but went perfectly mad when a nightingale flew in and built a nest and began his singing. My friend could not endure the unaccustomed noise, and the next day collected his keepers and forcibly ejected the intruder." "There was a lot of tosh written about birds in what were called war poems," said the captain. "Here and there a rare spirit might be touched by the note of a bird he had been familiar with at home, but the more usual effect was to drive such notions out of their heads."

"I wonder how long it would take the birds to get back to their old haunts," said the colonel, and the conversation was turned. It has only recently been proved "by the book" that a swallow returns to the very same nest wherein it reared its brood the previous year, but it had been demonstrated by certain schoolboys ages ago. The method adopted was the simple, one of tying a scarlet thread round the bird's leg. Simple did one say? Yes, but only so to children who lived in a district where pigeon-flying was a hobby. Anybody could tie the thread



R. Chislett.

ON A STEM OF BRACKEN.

Copyright.



AS MUSICIAN.

on, but some experience was required to ensure that it was not pecked off, which it certainly would be if it caused discomfort. Year after year the song of the nightingale may be heard from the same hedge, copse, bottom or even bush, and the chances

have not been seen there during the writer's experience. The birds seem to prefer the hedgerow and the edges of copses. A feature well brought out by the photographer is the resemblance of the nightingale to its near relative, the redbreast.

The difficulty experienced in photographing the bird was chiefly that caused by the undergrowth to which the nightingales love to resort. The bird is as bold and confident as the robin at the time of his singing. His shyness only begins to be noticeable when the nest is built and the eggs are laid. It continues till the young are able to take care of themselves.

The nightingale has claims to be called a London bird, that is to say, he is frequently heard singing in the parks and in suburban gardens. In the immediate neighbourhood of London his is a familiar voice, a fact to which most golf players would testify. It has happened, either by accident or good guidance, that the golf courses nearest London are all extremely attractive from the point of view of the naturalist and lover of nature. Their surroundings are beautiful, and the golfer has no inducement to have the thick hedges cut down. We do not say that when a man has concentrated on his game, whether he enjoys a handicap of 20 or is plus 3, that he stops between the holes to listen to the nightingale, or that when he has lost his ball he stops to wonder if the little brown bird hopping about the bushes is the famous singer or not. Yet most of them subconsciously do both. One has asked frequently without ever failing to obtain a satisfactory assurance that they knew when the nightingale sang and they do notice its appearance. It would be easy to name a respectable number of clubs where one has enjoyed listening to *Philomel*, but, on the other hand, there might be some not mentioned where he is particularly numerous and musical. The



AS FOND PARENT.

R. Chislett.

Copyright.



ABOVE THE NEST.



AN UNCOMMON DISPLAY.



MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM.



haunts of the nightingale are much more numerous than would be inferred from the old saying that it never went north of the Ouse. Yorkshire, as a matter of fact, is famous for its nightingales, especially the district round Doncaster, a fact mentioned as early as 1766 by Pennant. Tunstall, a very trustworthy ornithologist, writing to his friend Dr. Latham about the year 1783, said that "the nightingale is never heard or seen here (Wycliffe-on-the-Tees). It is frequently heard near Boroughbridge, about thirty-seven miles farther south; and a few miles farther, near Abberford, particularly at Hazlewood, the seat of Sir Walter Vavasour, is extremely lavish in song." That was true of the eighteenth century and is equally true to-day. Curiously enough, it is a frequent visitor to some of the grimy

towns of the Yorkshire coalfield. T. H. Nelson, who wrote "The Birds of Yorkshire" in co-operation with W. Eagle Clarke and F. Boyes, says it has been found, in some instances, "scarcely beyond the hum and 'racket' of the pit-bank, as in the neighbourhood of Barnsley, Wakefield and Ackworth." It is also regularly noted in the districts of Selby, Goole, York and Harrogate. This excellent authority states that the average date of arrival in South Yorkshire has been given as May 8th, but usually it appears in other parts of the country about April 8th. This would be sufficient to show that the nightingale does not hesitate to go north of the Ouse, but, as a matter of fact, there are records of its appearance on the banks of the Till—much further north.

A VERY MODERN SPIRIT

MISS ROSE MACAULAY has brought all her cleverness to bear upon the writing of *Dangerous Ages* (Collins). If you ask what the dangerous ages are she will answer, "all ages are dangerous to all people in this dangerous life we live." She selects a few specific cases and winds them into a brilliant novel. There was no need to force the individuals into contact. All that was necessary was to select two or three children, a mother, a father, a grandmother and a great-grandmother and there you have as good a choice of ages as those named in a popular music-hall song, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty or sixty-three. A beginning is made with the mother's forty-third birthday, a day that she thought tragic because life had seemed to lose purpose to her. Probably she thought exactly the same thing at twenty-three. Only children are really glad of their birthdays, because, although their age of innocence is the happiest of all, they are always longing to be men and women, and so the early years slip past with a smile.

But later the individual begins to wake up and think the birthdays are arriving a little faster than they did. Neville, which is the curiously masculine name by which the chief character of the story is known, felt as if the interest of life was over at forty-three. She had in her day been a most competent medical student and might have had a life full of activity and work if she had carried this into fruition and become a doctor. Instead she married and had children. Now the children were nice, attractive children and as long as they were young and little it was enough to fill the function of a mother. Motherhood is at best a fleeting joy. The little toddling feet too soon grow firm and strong. The broken child language that every mother delights in gradually becomes articulate and full of the new slang that every generation brings with it. School comes with its partial separation, and eventually the young plants take root by themselves and mother feels as Neville says in answer to "what can I do?" that "being a mother has stopped being a job." "They are charming to me, the darlings, but they don't need me any more; they go their own way." She thinks of taking up her medical studies again and makes the attempt, but the mind long disused to grappling with learning refuses to work. She is forced to realise that at forty-three she cannot possibly be the brilliant student that she was before her married life. Such is the danger of her age. Although the atmosphere is so very post-war, the tale is as old as the hills. It is told by the prophet Job and it is told by Everyman and the *Moralities* akin to it.

With those older than Neville the disappointment is even more poignant. Neville's mother is sixty-three and her mind and soul are even emptier than those of her daughter. In another age she might have taken to religion, become one of the devout women and found her consolation in going about to serve God and the poor. But she is too modern for that. As she says, religion would have demanded too much from her. As a substitute she takes lessons in psycho-analysis, and in dealing with this subject Miss Macaulay shows a skill as of a dancer dancing among eggs. Psycho-analysis is a matter on which she carefully refrains from putting forward any dogmatic theory, though one can discern a certain idea within her mind that there may be something in it. But that does not prevent her from giving a scathing exposition of the sort of person who chooses this as his profession. He is clever, mean and like a vulture in so far as he makes a prey of the women who place their trust in him. He deceives and bleeds them to death with his high charges. Cunningly he gets them to get into the habit of telling him the whole truth about themselves and their psychology, their likes, dislikes, suspicions, all that is good and evil, particularly evil, in their daily life. He is the eternal type of quack and charlatan as he has existed down the ages. In the end

he turns out a broken reed on which the sexagenarian cannot lean. Her mother, who has passed fourscore, has gained a certain serenity in life. Time is nothing to her because time is dead. She neither grieves nor regrets, but lives her day in a peaceable, kindly manner, or would do if her silly daughter, Mrs. Hilary, did not force trouble upon her with her psycho-analysis and general foolishness.

These are the outstanding figures of the novel, but there are many others. A young girl of the latest philosophy falls in love with a man engaged to her aunt, with whom she expresses great willingness to "share" him. He, forsaking maturity for youth, wants to marry her and then finds she has very strong objections to the ceremony, whether it is performed in a church or a registry office. She thinks that lovers should be allowed to come together when they like to do so and to part if they find their early passion does not endure. Only under great compulsion is she induced at last to go through the ceremony in the ordinary way. Needless to say, the book is choke-full with this kind of modernism. The rebellion against the flight of time, old age, disease and death belongs to all time. But the new philosophy, if one can dignify it with such a name, of what would be called if they lived in Russia, the intelligentsia, is a product of this age and this age only. It seems, as far as we can understand it, to hang in the air without rest or foothold.

The Pier Glass. by Robert Graves. (Martin Secker, 5s.)

MR. ROBERT GRAVES is an excellent guide to the mind and the ideals of Georgian poets, because he generally succeeds, where so many stumble and grotesquely fail, in putting his ideas into practice. Those ideas, roughly speaking, are sincerity, war upon the obvious, and condensation at no matter what risk of ruggedness or obscurity. Sometimes he overdoes one or other of these tendencies; but oftener he succeeds in imparting to a short poem a sort of volcanic energy and vividness. He is of those at whose hands the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and his justification is that he does usually manage to take it by force. He passes, moreover, that true poetic test, the ability to seize some common thing by the throat, as it were, and to compel it to reveal itself to us as if for the first time. Thus he tells us of a well-loved pool where a brown mare

" May loll her leathern tongue
In snow-cool water."

In the house of an old murder,

" A cat goes by with lantern eyes,
Shooting splendour through the dark."

At the bursting of a thunderstorm,

" Now swoops the outrageous hurricane
With lightning in steep pitchfork jags;
The blanched hill leaps in sheeted rain,
Sea masses white to assault the crags."

Not easy reading, by any means, most of these poems. They are largely concerned with the strange or the *macabre*; often they must be read several times before their very meaning can be extracted; always several times before they deliver up their flower of beauty. But they are worth it; they have the root of the matter in them.

V. H. F.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Ordeal of a Diplomat, by Constantin Nabokoff. (Duckworth, 15s.)
T. A. B., Second Earl Brassey, by Frank Partridge. (John Murray, 16s.)

Tutira, a New Zealand Sheep Station, by H. Guthrie-Smith. (William Blackwood and Sons, £2 2s.)

The Betrayal of Labour, by the Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." (Mills and Boon, 1s.)

Famous Chemists: the Men and their Work, by Sir William A. Tilden. (Routledge, 12s. 6d.)

Courage in Politics, and Other Essays, by Coventry Patmore. (Humphrey Milford, 7s. 6d.)

FICTION.

Scaramouche, by Rafael Sabatini. (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)
The Forge of Democracy, by Gabrielle Vallings. (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)
For Don Carlos, by Pierre Benoit. (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)
The Dragon in Shallow Waters, by V. Sackville-West. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

POETRY AND DRAMA.

An Anthology of Modern Verse, Chosen by A. M., with an introduction by Robert Lynd. (Methuen, 6s.)
Selections from Modern Poets, made by J. C. Squire. (Martin Secker, 6s.)
Second Plays, by A. A. Milne. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

THE WILTON ARMOUR

BY F. H. CRIPPS-DAY.

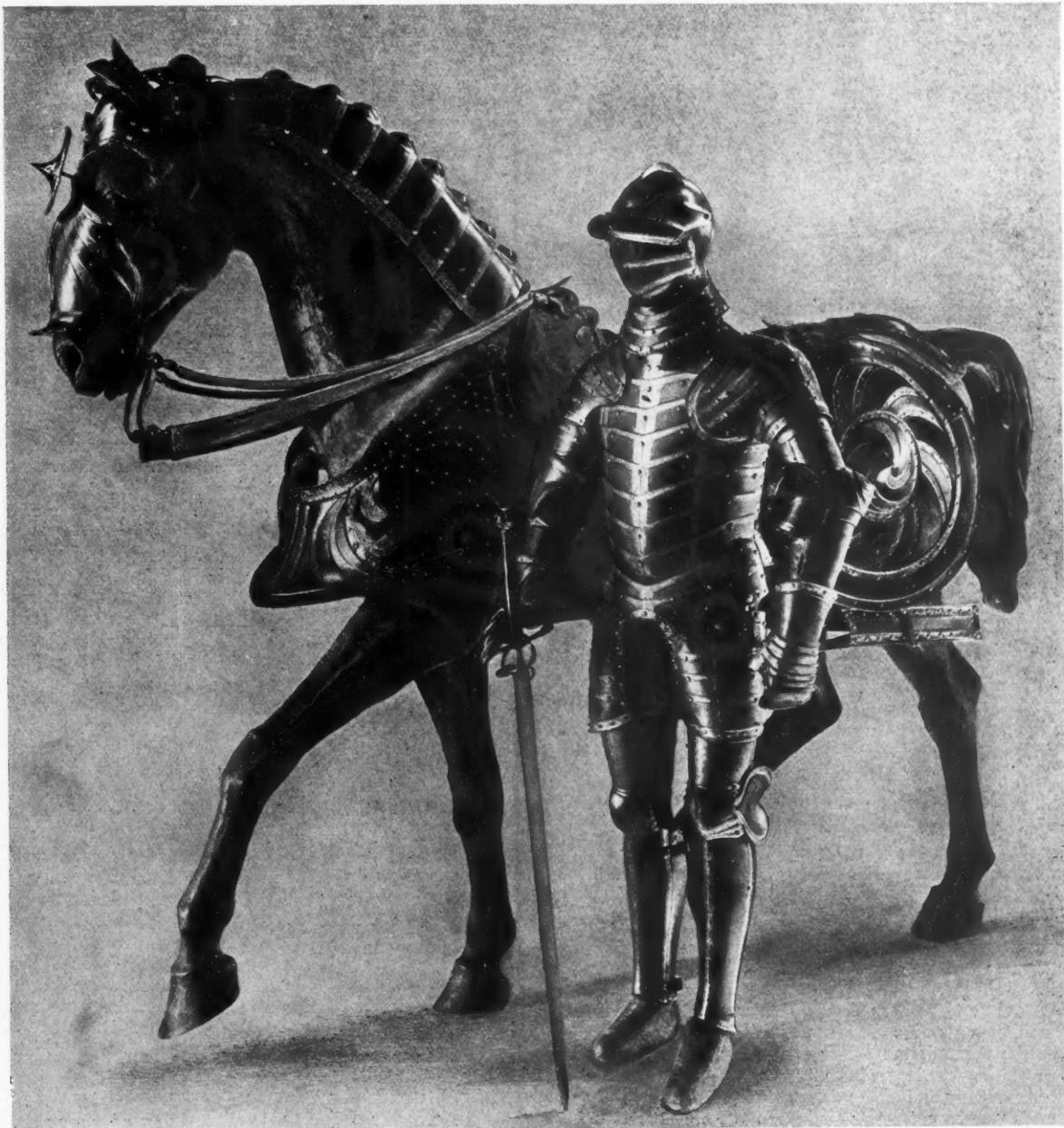
PERHAPS an Englishman or an American citizen of British descent would sooner possess the Pembroke suit of armour (Fig. 3), which is to be offered at auction on June 23rd at Sotheby's, than any other armour in existence, and for the following reasons: Firstly, it was made for Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, son of William, the first earl, and Anne, sister of Queen Catherine Parr; husband of Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney; father of William, the third earl, to whom and to his brother the 1623 edition of Shakespeare was dedicated and of whom it was written:

that rare Lord, who judge and guerdon can
 The richer gifts which do advantage man.

Secondly, it was "hung by the wall" at Wilton for nearly three hundred and fifty years, a mansion partly built from the designs of Hans Holbein, Salomon de Caus and Inigo Jones, where Sidney wrote his "Arcadia," a place associated with Edmund Spenser, Massinger, Queen Elizabeth, James I, and with all the great

figures of sixteenth century England and, above all, with Shakespeare, who may have accompanied the King's Company of players to Wilton on December 2nd, 1603, and whose plays "Titus Andronicus" and "Henry VI" (Third Part) had been there acted by the second earl's company of actors. Thirdly, it was made at the Greenwich workshops, the great school of English armour craftsmen, which were opened about the year 1511 and closed when the Civil War broke out, and it is the finest specimen and of the best period of decorated armour produced by that school. Lastly, it records in its decoration the history of the great Pembroke family epitomised in over twenty-two coats of arms on the achievements engraved on the helmet (Fig. 4), gauntlets, falling buffe (Fig. 6), breast and back-plates (Fig. 5), tassets, cuisses and jambes.

It is tragic to think of the possibility of such a national treasure leaving these shores. It is impossible to believe that some Englishman or Englishmen will not come forward to



1.—Complete suit of armour for man and horse, engraved and gilt on a russet ground. Circa 1560. The suit has an extra burgonet and extra tassets with knee-cops. Probably Italian.

prevent such a national loss. If the suit cannot hang at Wilton, let us hope that it will remain in the country, for many an Englishman, like Claudio, will be ready to "walk ten mile a foot to see" it.

It has been said that this harness was made by a German named Topf. There is no evidence to support this attribution. If the suits by Topf at Vienna be examined, it will be seen that they bear no resemblance to those of the Greenwich school. The story as to how the place of its production was identified is almost a romance. Until 1894 this armour and a number of other suits similar in form and in general character of decoration were recognised as coming from the same workshops; but from what workshops no one could even guess. In that year at the Spitzer sale a

there was a master-workman named Jacobi and that he worked at Greenwich. There must have been, of course, a large number of armourers there, for the State Papers record the payments of considerable wages to them and the mention of many of their names. But how long Jacobi was "Master workman," or if there was more than one "Master workman" at the same time, and between what dates Jacobe was a master workman, we do not know.

Jacobe may have made the Pembroke suit, but as he expressly states that he made the extra pieces of two suits (one of the suits we know he did not make), it is to be presumed that he did not make the entire Worcester suit, and there is no authority for stating that he made any other suit. The date of the Pembroke suit may be fixed more or less

accurately. The second Earl of Pembroke was born in 1534 and died 1601; the armour is No. 17 in the MS. (Fig. 2), and the drawings appear to be more or less in the order of their manufacture. It is probable that the harness was made about 1578-80; it resembles in shape and in general character of decoration the first suit of Sir Christopher Hatton, which is engraved with the date 1585.

The Pembroke suit is in fine condition; it has not been over-cleaned or restored. It is now of bluish colour and no doubt was once blued. The extra pieces illustrated in the MS. are missing, but the breast-plate and the elbow-piece show where a reinforcing placate and a reinforcing elbow-guard could be attached. The only other harness in England, that of the Earl of Cumberland, in the possession of the descendants of the family of the original owner, is at Appleby Castle, the home of Lord Hothfield. This armour is also of the Greenwich school. We exclude, of course, Royal armours.

Windsor possesses two Greenwich armours. The first was presented to King Edward VII in 1901. It is that of Sir Christopher Hatton (No. 13 in the MS.), to which we have already alluded as resembling the Pembroke armour in shape and decoration. The second is that of Henry, Prince of Wales, believed to be the work of William Pickering, a master armourer at Greenwich, very like in decoration to the Cumberland suit. It is represented in the background in the portrait of James I at Holyrood.

It is interesting to note that at Wilton there is a plain white suit exactly similar in shape to the decorated Pembroke harness, which was evidently the second earl's undress suit, and, therefore, probably also made at Greenwich. Of the other Greenwich harnesses illustrated in the MS., one is in the Wallace Collection, two are in the Tower, one with the Armourers and Brasiers Company, and two in New York. Many of the great noblemen who owned Greenwich armours had their portraits painted wearing them. There is one of the Earl of Leicester by Zuccaro; the Earl of Worcester is seen wearing his in the portrait at Badminton; Count

Stern Bielka is painted in Sir Henry Lee's suit (No. 19 in the MS.) in his portrait in the Nordiska Museum, Stockholm; the Earl of Cumberland is seen in his suit (No. 21 in the MS.) in a miniature by Isaac Oliver in the collection of Mrs. Sotheby at Exeter; there is a picture of Sir James Scudamore wearing the armour No. 26 in the MS.; and a miniature at Windsor of Lord Buckhurst portrays him in his Greenwich suit. Curiously, there is no portrait in armour of the first, second or third Earls of Pembroke at Wilton.

In Chapter I (pages 1-85) of Volume IV of Laking's "European Armour and Arms" may be read the full history of the Greenwich school and the descriptions of all the armours in existence which can be identified with those illustrated in



2.—Coloured drawing of the Pembroke suit from the MS. of the armours made at Greenwich, generally known as the Jacobe MS., now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Purchased at the Spitzer sale in Paris.

bound volume of coloured drawings of suits of armour and of their extra pieces was offered for sale and acquired by the nation. This volume had been lost sight of for a hundred years; it had been sold in 1794 at the sale of the library of the Duchess of Portland (a daughter of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford). It contains twenty-nine drawings of suits, on each of which is written the name of the owner of the harness portrayed, and on two of the drawings of the extra pieces of the suit of the Earl of Worcester and of the first suit of Sir Henry Lee appear the words "Thes peices wer made by me Jacobe" and "Thes tilt peices were made by me Jacobe." Now, in a State Paper of October 12th, 1590, Sir Henry Lee mentions "Jacobi, the Mr Workman of Grenewyche," so that we know that in 1590

the South Kensington MS. The value of what is called Jacobe armour, apart from historical association, is an unknown quantity. On April 27th of this year, at the Morgan Williams sale at Christie's, a morion and a locking gauntlet, russet and gilt and engraved, were sold for £756, and this sum would probably have been greatly increased if these pieces could have been ascribed as belonging to any particular harness illustrated in the MS. One of the difficulties in connection with the Greenwich armour is that on no piece is there an armourer's mark.

The sale comprises 118 lots, and Lot 117 is a fine suit for horse and man (Fig. 1). Russet, gilt and engraved, the horse armour has been cleaned and shows what the suit for the man



3.—The cap-a-pie suit of decorated armour worn by the second Earl of Pembroke. Made at Greenwich.

will be like when it has been carefully attended to. This harness is of about the middle of the sixteenth century and of fine quality.

Lot 91 is a late armet with the rare reinforcing chin-piece.

Much of the other armour is that of retainers. Aubrey of Wilton wrote in the seventeenth century: "There were armes, sc. the spoile, for 1600 men, horse and foot," and we know that in 1553 the first earl rode into London to his mansion at Baynard's Castle "with 300 men in his retinue." All this retainers' armour is therefore full of historical interest. Many will like to possess one of the thirty-seven gauntlets, or a paudron, vanbrace, elbow-cap or gorget from Wilton.



4.—The burgonet belonging to the Pembroke suit, engraved and gilt. In the centre of the comb on either side the George and Garter and on each cheek-piece the twenty-two quarterings of the Pembroke family.



5.—The breast plate, tace and tasset of the Pembroke suit, engraved and gilt with a foliated design, and many shields of arms.



6.—The falling buff of the Pembroke suit, worn with the burgonet, engraved and gilt. Shields of arms on central band of engraving.



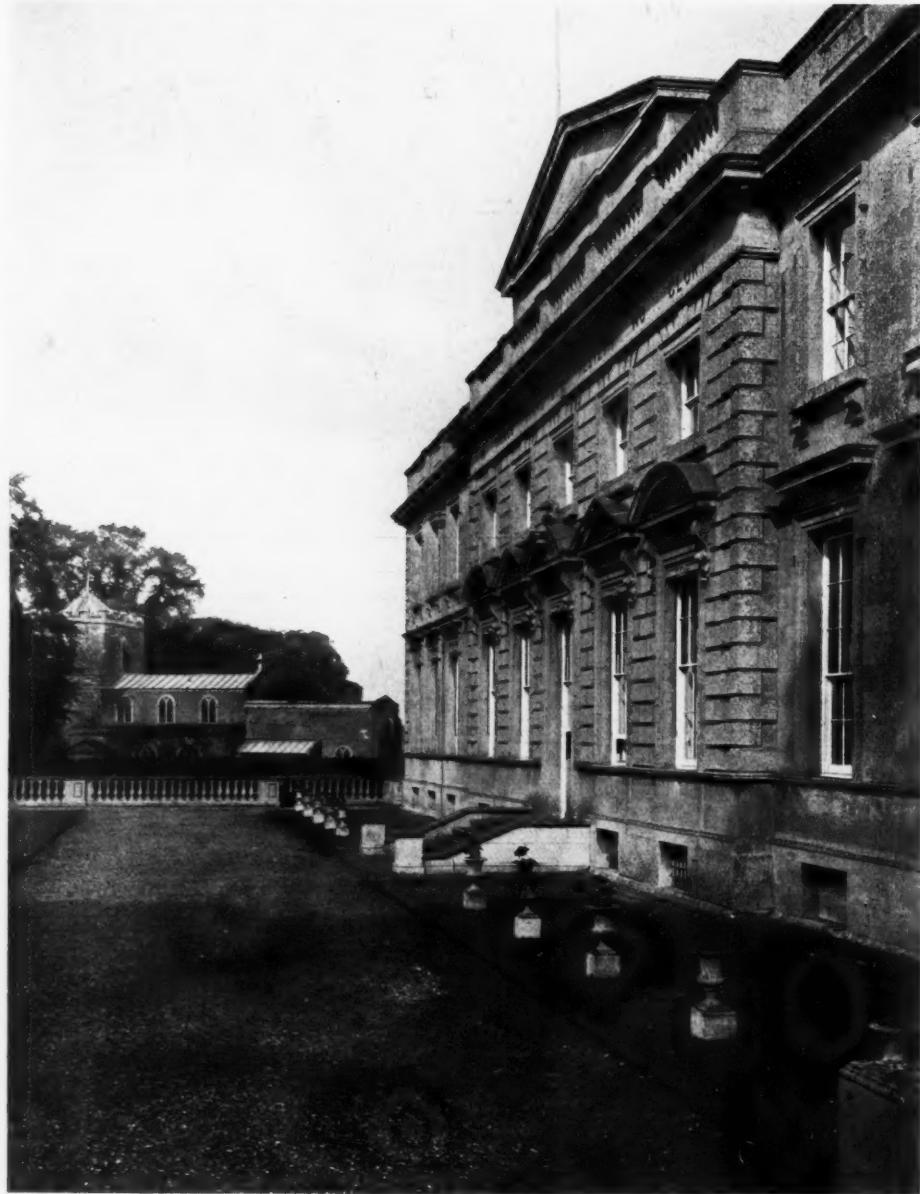
“**T**WAS the vainest, impudent self-conceited learned coxcomb that ever yet I saw.” So wrote Dorothy Osborne in 1653, to Sir William Temple, of Sir Justinian Isham, who built the older portions of Lamport Hall in Northamptonshire. Dorothy was tacitly engaged to be married to Sir William at the time and wrote to him nearly every week. Her family, however, ignored her attachment and suffered many suitors to approach her, among others, no less eminent a person—as he was then, in 1653—than Henry Cromwell, son of Oliver. But Dorothy would have none of them, and eventually married Sir William on Christmas Day in 1654. Sir Justinian Isham was one of the most eligible as well as most persistent of her wooers, and makes quite a figure in Dorothy’s letters to her favoured lover. “Some friends that had observed

a gravity in my face,” she writes—she was now twenty-six years old—“which might become an elderly man’s wife (as they term’d it), and a mother-in-law, proposed a widower to me that had four daughters, all old enough to be my sisters; but he had a great estate, was as fine a gentleman as ever England bred, and the very pattern of wisdom.” All very polite and conventional, but followed by her real opinion quoted at the outset above.

The best of men, when pressing an unwelcome suit, are repulsive to the young, and, no doubt, to the world at large Sir Justinian appeared as portrayed in Dorothy’s politer phrases. He was a widower, poor man, had been so for fifteen years, and had succeeded to the estate now for some two years and a half. He was about forty-two, and appears, for aught that is known, to have taken his rejection philosophically and to have married again within a reasonable time.

It was Sir Justinian’s great-grandfather, John Isham, who acquired the manor of Lamport towards the end of the sixteenth century. This John was the fourth son, out of twenty children, of Eusebius Isham of Pytchley, in the same county, where the family had recently settled. Eusebius built himself a fine house at Pytchley and, according to the historian Bridges, employed the architect who designed Holdenby House for Sir Christopher Hatton, in which case it must have been the well known John Thorpe. In course of time the Ishams parted with their Pytchley property, and the house came to be the headquarters of the celebrated Pytchley Hunt. It has now long been pulled down and a road taken across the site. But the fine gateway was preserved and re-erected at the entrance of Overstone Park, near Northampton, where it stands to this day, the only relic of a beautiful and famous house.

John Isham appears to have built a house soon after he went to Lamport, which descended to Sir Justinian and which the hard-hearted Dorothy stigmatised as “a vile house he has in Northamptonshire.” But the whole passage in which she mentions it is interesting. It was a jest of hers to pretend to her lover that she had some thoughts of marrying Sir Justinian, partly in order to give Sir William Temple the opportunity of marrying one of her four step-daughters, and thereby enable herself to play the benevolent mother-in-law to him. “And ‘tis certain



Copyright.

I.—THE WEST FRONT FROM THE SOUTH.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE WEST FRONT.

I had proved a most excellent mother-in-law. Oh, my conscience ! We should all have joined against him"—the unlucky Sir Justinian—"as the common enemy, for those poor young wenches are as weary of his government as I could have been. He gives them such precepts, as they say my Lord of Dorchester gives his wife, and keeps them so much prisoners to a vile house he has in Northamptonshire, that if once I had but let them loose, they and his learning would have been sufficient to have made him mad without my help ; but his good fortune would have it

she adds some sentences which imply that considerable pressure must have been brought to bear upon her, and that in reply to her protestations that she did not love the man, she had been told that love would come after marriage. But no, she says, "I shall never be persuaded that marriage has a charm to raise love out of nothing, much less out of dislike."

Reading between the lines of this railing, we get a fair picture of Sir Justinian : well bred, thin and passably good-looking ; learned, sententious and inclined to be an autocrat ;

he was what a few decades later would have been styled "a person of quality." He must have been devoid of humour, or Dorothy would have had a little more fellow-feeling for him.

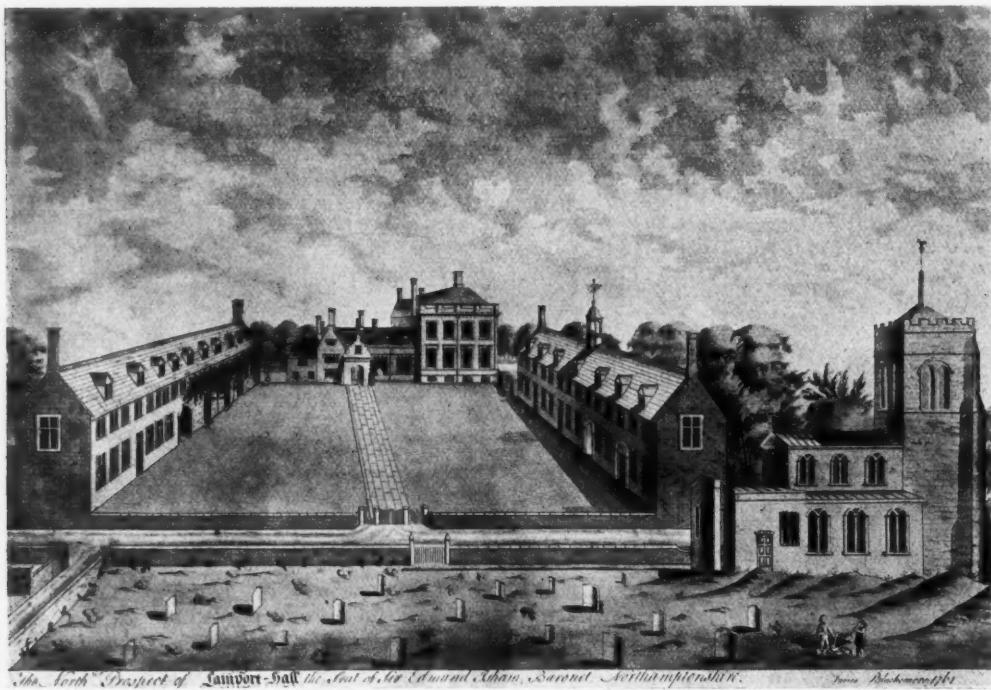
Such was the man who modernised his "vile house." Bridges says that it was partly old and partly new built in his time by John Webb, "son-in-law to Inigo Jones," and that there were then in existence "several drawings of mouldings, architraves and friezes made in the years 1654 and 1655, with some letters from Mr. Webb dated in 1657 relating to the gate and pilasters, and the execution of an intended depository."

Webb has often been described as Inigo Jones' son-in-law, but, in fact, the connection was not so close ; it was only a kinswoman of Jones whom Webb married. Webb was, of course, a pupil of Jones, and was destined to be his successor, but the Civil Wars upset all such intentions. He has always been unduly subordinated to his master, to whom much of the pupil's work has been ascribed. It is only of recent years that he has begun to come into his own. This house at Lamport, however, is undoubtedly of his design, and a very interesting example of his work it is.

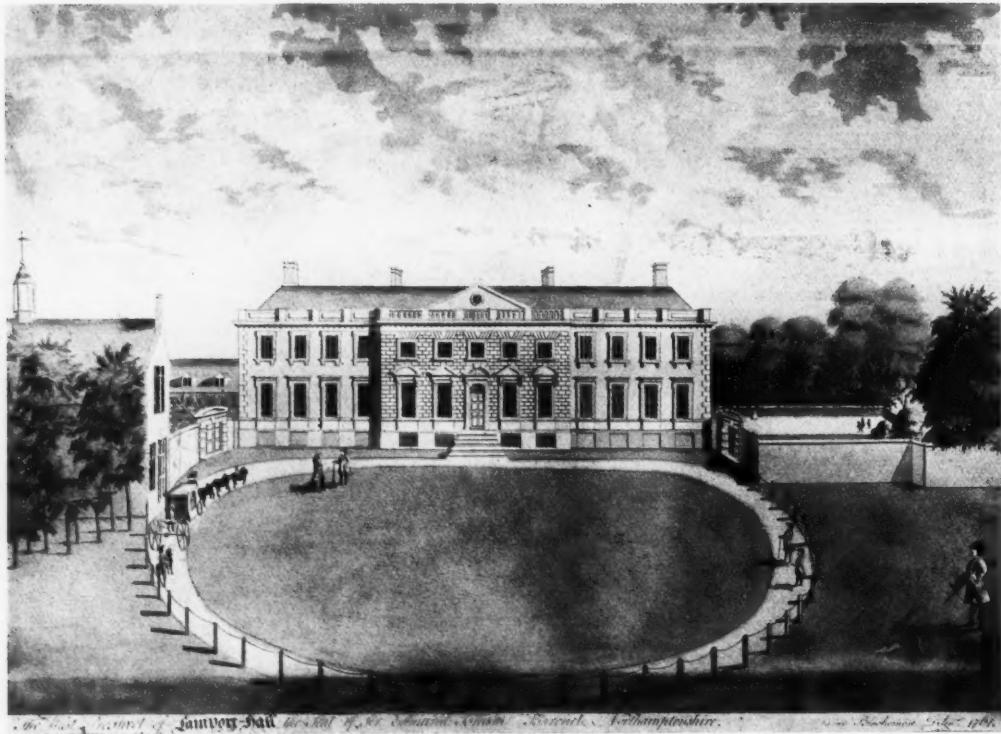
The drawings and letters mentioned by Bridges, which are still preserved in the house, prove this conclusively. In addition to the mouldings there are the original drawing of the centre of the front elevation, a design for a porch, which was not carried out,

a charming sketch for the chimneypiece of the large room, called the music room, as well as others for the treatment of the walls, and drawings of the "Depository," which appears to have been intended as a mausoleum and was to have been attached to the church. Some of the letters are those which Webb sent with his designs in order to explain them.

In the year 1654 Sir Justinian must have resolved to alter his "vile" house, urged thereto, maybe, by Dorothy's Osborne's



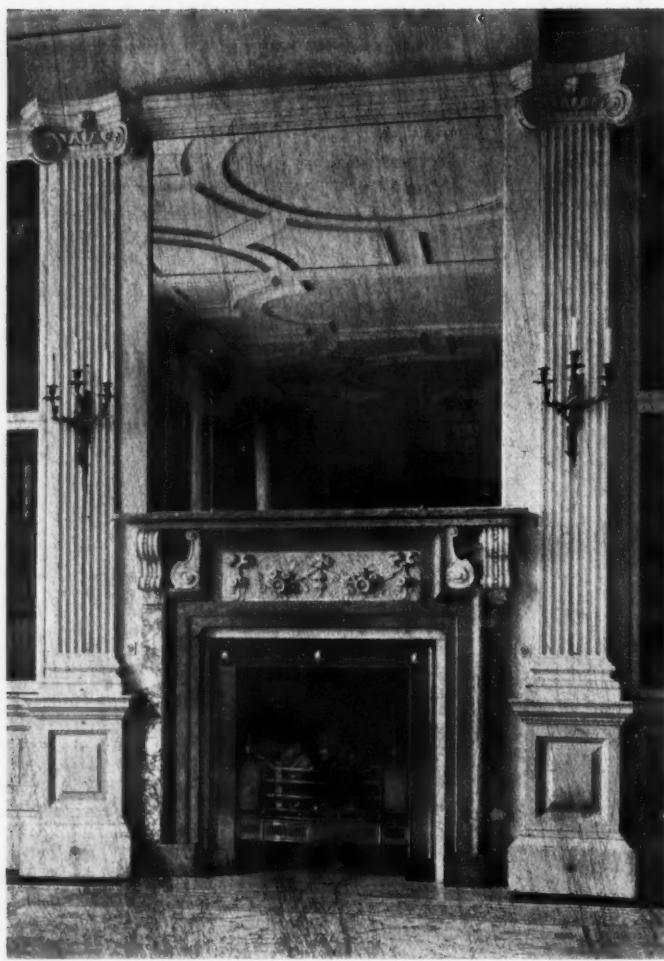
3.—THE NORTH PROSPECT, FROM A PRINT OF 1761.



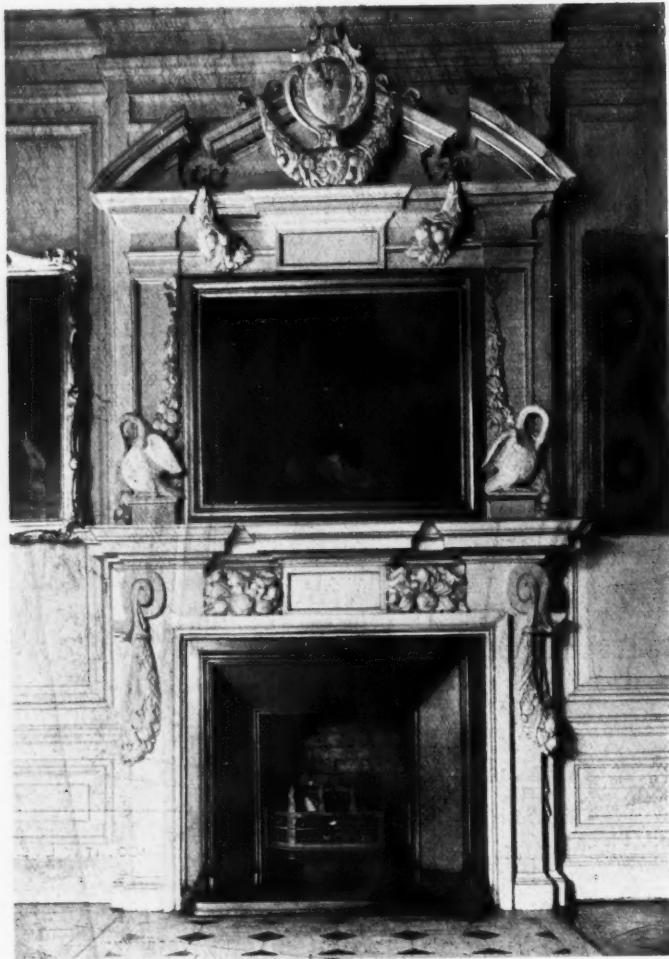
4.—THE WEST PROSPECT, FROM A PRINT OF 1761.

otherwise, to which I'll leave him. . . . I am sorry to hear he looks ill, though I think there is no great danger of him. 'Tis but a fit of an ague he has got, that the next charm cures, yet he will be apt to fall into it again upon a new occasion, and one knows not how it may work upon his thin body if it comes too often ; it spoiled his beauty, sure, before I knew him, for I could never see it, or else (which is as likely), I do not know it when I see it ; besides that, I never look for it in men." Then





Copyright. 6.—FIREPLACE IN THE LIBRARY. "C.L."



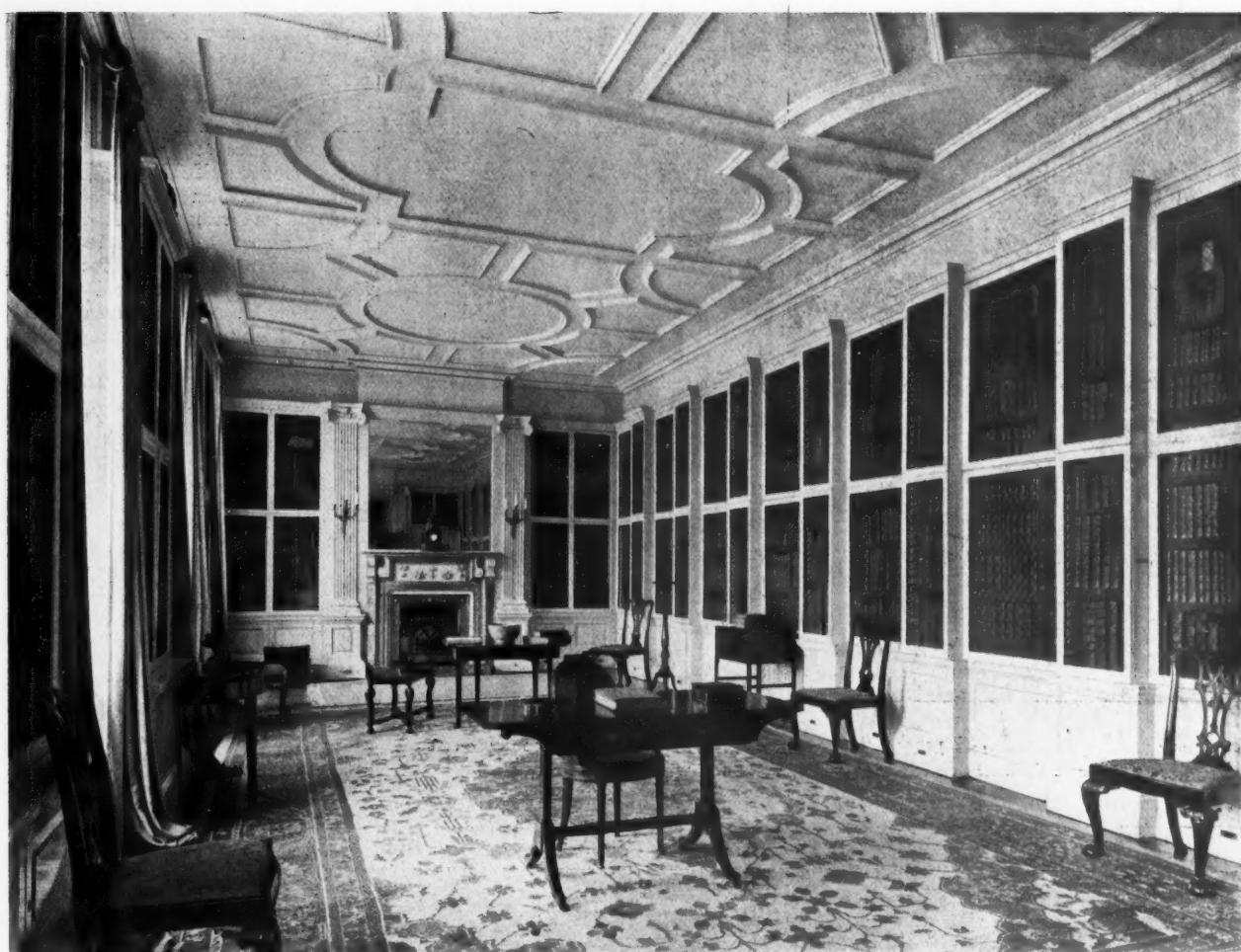
Copyright. 7.—THE FIREPLACE IN THE MUSIC ROOM. "C.L."

criticisms. Being a man of high culture, he naturally sought the assistance of the most skilful and learned architect of the time, in the person of John Webb, who appears to have been a personal friend. Under Webb's advice part of the old house was taken down, and a new range of rooms was built of most correct and "regular" design (Figs. 1 and 2). In order fully to appreciate its significance the fact should be borne in mind that ever since the time of Elizabeth designers of architecture had, more or less earnestly, taken Italian examples as their models. For many years their zeal outstripped their knowledge, with the result that their work shows that piquant mixture of old and new ideas which marks the times of Elizabeth and James. Then came Inigo Jones in the early years of the seventeenth century, who, by sedulous study and by travelling to Italy itself, acquired a complete mastery of the Italian manner. This he displayed in his two best known buildings, the Banqueting House at Whitehall and the Queen's House at Greenwich. Of course, his pupil, Webb, followed the master's example and devoted himself to the pursuit of correct Italian design. But the knowledge which led to such correctness was not widespread. Indeed, beyond Jones, Webb and Roger Pratt (himself a traveller), who designed Coleshill, illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. XLVI, page 108, there was as yet hardly any one who could be regarded as imbued with the pure and unadulterated doctrine. Outside this small group, designers pursued the old traditions, and if readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* have the patience to examine the views of Rockingham Castle, which will appear next month, and will compare the work of 1665 in that house with this of 1654 by Webb at Lamport, they will at once realise that there were two streams of design flowing simultaneously; one springing from tradition and directed by unlearned masons and surveyors; the other with its source in learning and guided by accomplished students. It is the illustration of this point which lends such interest to the work at Lamport Hall.

The two old prints reproduced in Figs. 4 and 3, show the difference between the two manners. In the West Prospect is seen the fine, new, regular front. In the North Prospect is visible the contrast between the new and the old.

Considerable changes have been made since these prints were published in 1761. The right-hand range of buildings which helps to form the forecourt on the north has been entirely removed, and the site is covered with trees. The left-hand range still remains. The Elizabethan part of the house itself, containing the porch, the hall to the right and the kitchens to the left, was taken down in 1821 and rebuilt, and then again in 1862 was replaced with a rather spiritless continuation of Webb's building. A new front entrance has been made where the new part joins the old, and the drive runs along the side of the left-hand range and then turns at right angles up to the new door. Buried in the middle of the house are a few Elizabethan windows which used to light a cellar. The west front remains as shown in the print, so far as the house is concerned, but the circular drive has gone, and with it, of course, the very large men who appear to be absorbed in the contemplation of the very small horses. The archways adjoining the house and their supporting walls have also been removed, much to the detriment of the general effect. The pediment over the centre of the front has been slightly altered, it was replaced by one designed by Henry Hakewill in 1821, which has the unfortunate effect of not appearing to be an integral part of the structure. There is no feature of this kind on Webb's own drawing. This pediment is only one of some considerable works of alteration upon which Hakewill was then engaged in other parts of the house.

The middle of this front is occupied by a fine saloon (the music room), two storeys in height (Fig. 5). This is of unusual interest as being a rare example of internal decoration by Webb. The lower part of the walls is panelled in wood, the upper part is decorated in plaster. Webb's drawings show a treatment of a different kind, except in regard to the chimneypiece, which follows his design exactly (Fig. 7). But, although no actual drawing of the walls and ceiling by Webb is extant, the work has so close an affinity to some of his designs preserved at Worcester College, Oxford, that there can be little doubt as to the authorship. It is interesting to find from remarks in one of Webb's letters that the plaster-work was probably executed by French artists, much



Copyright.

8.—THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—THE UPPER PART OF THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

10.—MAHOGANY SIDE-TABLE.
The frame delicately carved with eagles, vases and wreaths. *Circa 1775*

against his inclination, and the character of the detail supports this idea. The heads in the circular panels all differ, and would appear to represent either some particular persons or some special attributes; but they are not named, and conjectures as to their meaning have no clue to guide them. The shield within the broken pediment of the chimneypiece carries the arms of Isham, and the swans at the side, as well as those in the plasterwork of the ceiling, represent the crest of the family.

Although the grate is comparatively modern, the flue is of the ancient,



12.—MAHOGANY AND INLAY CLOCK, 1780.

generous size, and was, well within living memory, swept by boys who climbed up it. One of these boys, now advanced in years and living at the neighbouring village of Spratton, had the unpleasant experience of being unable to descend from the elevation to which he had climbed, and of remaining imprisoned for two days before he could be extricated. The late Sir Charles Isham commemorated the event in two lines of rhyme on a brass tablet attached to the grate and visible in the illustration:

Whoever doth up this chimney creep
Twill be the last he lives to sweep.



Copyright.

11.—CABINET ON STAND IN GILT AND LACQUER.

"C.L."

On the walls are inscribed some pithy "words" of Sir Justinian. One, "I show I sham not" is a punning translation of another "Ostendo non ostento," and may be held to be close enough to the original, in view of the necessity of getting a play upon the words in both cases. The invention, doubtless of the accomplished Sir Justinian, these phrases have become the motto of the family. The two other sentences, "In things transitory resteth no Glory," and "In respect of things eternal, Life is vain and mortal," convey their sober meaning in a form which seems to aim at rhyme more than at rhythm.

The staircase has been greatly altered, but part of it is of Webb's time (Fig. 9) and resembles in treatment, although not in delicacy of execution, that at Thorpe Hall, near Peterborough, another work of his. The library (Fig. 8), with its chimney-piece (Fig. 6) is of the time of the Georges. It still contains its rows of leather-bound books, collected by bygone Ishams who had an acquaintance with learning suitable to their degree.

The rare books discovered in the house in the middle of last century, which made such a stir among bibliophiles, have been disposed of.

Most of the furniture belongs to the present tenant, Mr. Cross, and includes the fine lacquered cabinet shown in Fig. 11, and the charming late Chippendale table (Fig. 10). The quaint, vase-shaped clock (Fig. 12) was made by one Cragg, of Southampton, about the year 1780. It was the shop regulator of several successive owners and maintains its old reputation of accurate time-keeping. The gardens have fine broad lawns, overshadowed by ancient trees, and there is a noble avenue of Irish yews, called the Eagle Walk, since it led at one time to a cage of captive eagles. But the great interest of Lamport Hall lies in Webb's work, and we may be grateful to Sir Justinian for having employed him, and perhaps no less so to Dorothy Osborne for having bestowed upon the older house so disparaging an epithet.

J. A. GOTCH.

CHINESE ART IN ENGLAND

IX.—POLYCHROME PORCELAINS.

By R. L. HOBSON.



I.—VASE AND TWO BEAKERS, WITH LAVENDER GROUND. EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. HEIGHT OF CENTREPIECE 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ INS.
British Museum Collection.

In passing from the blue and white to the K'ang Hsi polychrome porcelains account must be taken of some intermediate kinds. In one of these the blue is supplemented by other colours, such as copper red, lustrous brown and celadon green, all of which are what the French describe as *couleurs de grand feu*. The red derived from copper is, like the blue, an underglaze pigment; and the others are formed by mixing the colouring matter with the glaze itself. They can all be fired in the full heat of the porcelain kiln, so that the wares decorated with these colours are able to be completed in one firing operation. Chief among these is the red, a capricious colour which varies from brilliant blood red to peach and from peach to a dull liver tint. It is often employed alone as well as in combination with the blue and, when successful, it makes a highly attractive decoration. The celadon glaze is used in large areas, sometimes serving as a background for the whole decoration: the lustrous brown, usually a pale tint called "Nanking yellow," is commonly used in broad bands or borders; and a cracked grey glaze is sometimes employed with the blue

and white in the same manner. But it must be confessed that these coloured belts have a more curious than beautiful appearance.

Again, we find underglaze blue in combination with overglaze enamels as in the Ming five-colour schemes, but this type was quickly superseded by the full palette of the K'ang Hsi *famille verte* enamels. In parentheses, we might mention here a spurious and usually repulsive type of coloured porcelain appropriately described as clobbered ware. This is generally honest blue and white defaced in Europe by the clumsy addition of green, red and yellow enamels which load up the beautiful white spaces with meaningless designs. Occasionally the victim is a piece of underglaze red as in Fig. 2, where the design of three mythical animals has been supplemented by ridiculous figures threatening them with destruction. The Dutch were the chief offenders in this matter, but their bad example spread to England and resulted in the degradation of much good blue and white.

But the typical K'ang Hsi polychromes are of another kind. They are often of surpassing beauty, and to-day they



2.—GROUP OF PORCELAINS PAINTED IN UNDERGLAZE COLOURS. EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. HEIGHT OF VASE 15½INS.
British Museum Collection.

are eagerly sought and highly prized by collectors in all countries. They fall into three sub-divisions, each differing slightly from the others in method of manufacture and in general appearance. The first group (Fig. 4) is decorated with coloured glazes rather than enamels, laid on in broad washes and sometimes in motley

patches. These glazes are *couleurs de demi-grand feu*, something between the high fired porcelain glazes and the soft enamel colours. Being unable to stand the full heat of the main kiln, they are laid on a body which has been hardened by a preliminary firing and are finished in the cooler parts of the kiln. The



3.—GROUP OF FAMILLE VERTE PORCELAINS, MADE FOR EXPORT. K'ANG HSI PERIOD. HEIGHT OF COVERED VASE 12½INS.
British Museum Collection.



4.—GROUP OF PORCELAINS WITH COLOURED GLAZES. K'ANG HSI PERIOD. HEIGHT OF LIONS 7½INS.
British Museum Collection.

colours are chiefly green, yellow and aubergine brown with occasional use of turquoise blue; and they combine something of the softness of enamels with the smoothness and durability of a glaze. The second group is decorated with colours also applied direct to the "biscuit" (i.e., a porcelain body which has been fired but not glazed); but in this case they are of the soft and easily fusible kind known as enamels, and their final firing is completed at a low temperature in a small kiln known as a muffle. The on-biscuit enamels, as collectors call them, differ in no way from the ordinary enamels used on the glaze, except that the dead matt surface of the biscuit beneath gives them a softer and more subdued lustre. Green, yellow and aubergine are again the chief combinations; and the designs which they are required to enrich are pencilled in black outlines on the body of the ware, their tracery being clearly visible through the transparent washes of colour (Fig. 5). Porcelains decorated in this manner are always highly prized, and at times the demand for them, stimulated by a temporary craze, has raised their value to fabulous heights. Indeed, it might be said that fabulous prices are constant for the finest examples, such as the grand vases with backgrounds of black, green or yellow.

The third group, which comprises porcelains hardly less desired by the collector, is the *famille verte par excellence*, though this name can be applied equally well to all three groups in which shades of green are the predominating colour. The K'ang Hsi *famille verte* is decorated with soft transparent enamels painted over the finished glaze. The colours include several shades of green, yellow, aubergine which varies from purple to brown, soft iron-red, a greenish black and a beautiful violet blue which was hardly ever used before this period. Gilding sparingly applied completes the palette. Some of the enamels, especially the blue, contain very little colouring matter, and had to be piled on thickly to produce the requisite depth of tone, with the result that they stand up from the glaze like encrusted jewels, drawing life and fire from the bright glaze beneath. It must be added, however, that this upstanding quality

has an obvious disadvantage, in that the enamels are liable to damage in the course of ordinary wear and tear.

The two first illustrations exemplify the use of underglaze colours in decoration. In Fig. 1 we have a vase and two beakers with pretty designs in white slip (liquid clay), blue and touches of red under a pale lavender glaze. Porcelains of this kind are occasionally found with French ormolu mounts of the eighteenth century; and a hole in the base of the beakers suggests that they have experienced treatment of this kind. In Fig. 2 the



5.—FIGURE OF LI T'AI-PO, ENAMELLED ON BISCUIT. K'ANG HSI PERIOD. HEIGHT 5¾INS.
British Museum Collection.

central vase is painted with ascending and descending dragons in blue and blood red; the bottle next on the right has two lions in peach red and blue borders; the double-gourd has flowers and symbols in blue, one belt of greenish buff crackle and another of deep Nanking yellow; and the sprinkler on the left has blue chrysanthemum medallions in a Nanking yellow ground.

The remaining blocks illustrate the three types of *famille verte* decoration already described. Fig. 4 shows a group of figures with coloured glazes on the biscuit. In the upper rank are two of the Eight Immortals, Chang-kuo Lao with his tabor and Ts'ao Kuo-ch'iu with his castanets; and between them is a literary personage seated on a rock with brush in hand, a spare brush on a rest and an ink-pallet beside him, and a vase of flowers on the right—the whole making an elegant brush-rest for a scholar's table. Below is a paperweight in the form of a horse; and an ornament in the form of a phœnix, pæony and rock. The latter is interesting as being part of the Sloan collection given to the British Museum in 1752. On either side is one of a pair of Buddhist lions (so often miscalled kylin), the female with a cub and the male with a spindle on which a ball of brocade once revolved. On the back of each is a tube for incense sticks, which shows that they were once used

as joss-stick holders on a Chinese domestic altar. The unglazed parts of such figures were, we are told by Père d'Entrecoulles, often coloured with vermilion. This, being an unfired pigment, was liable to wear off, but there are still traces of it under the base of the horse.

Fig. 5 is a water vessel representing Li T'ai-po, a Bacchanalian poet, the Horace of China, reclining in drunken repose against a wine jar. It is an example of *famille verte* enamels on the biscuit. Lastly, Fig. 3 is a group of porcelains painted in *famille verte* enamels on the glaze. On the left-hand vase is seen one of those nondescript creatures which the Chinese class as *hai shou* or sea monsters; on the covered jar is a true kylin looking up at a flying phœnix, and the rest of the group are decorated with floral designs. Four of these pieces, at least, are clearly export porcelains. The covered jar and beaker evidently belonged to sets of five which formed *garnitures de cheminée*; the covered bowl is for European table use, and the mug speaks for itself. It will be noticed that rather complex moulded shapes are the rule, and such, as we know, were in favour with the foreign buyers. Much remains to be said of these second and third classes of *famille verte*; but further discussion and illustrations must be reserved for another article.

SOME IMPRESSIONS FROM HOYLAKE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.



THE SEMI-FINALISTS AT HOYLAKE.

W. T. Hunter, the winner. Allan Graham, the runner up. Bernard Darwin, who defeated two of the Americans. F. Wright, the last of the Americans.

I SIT down to write on the evening of the final of the Amateur Championship, and at the moment I feel as if I had been watching and writing about and trying to play golf not for a mere four or five days, but for five months or even years. Consequently my impressions are, I am afraid, rather blurred and chaotic. There are, however, one or two that stand out with some clearness.

The first of them is that we have got in Mr. W. I. Hunter as worthy an Amateur Champion as we could possibly have. He is a very fine golfer indeed, and not only a fine hitter of the ball, but a fine fighter as well. He won every match he played with comfort and never had to go past the sixteenth hole. I doubt if he was ever down in any of his matches except in the semi-final. Then he lost the three first holes, but soon got them back again and after that played irresistibly. He has got the essential "punch" which the professional possesses and the amateur, as a rule, does not. It is wonderful how far he gets with so short a swing, for his swing is short even in these days when the old-fashioned "full swing" has been so generally cut down. His iron play is full of that quality which people talk of as "nip" or "zip" or "pep." He really does give the ball a good hard knock with no sort of faint heartedness about it, and the ball flies as a rule straight on the pin. He was a good golfer last year when he got into the last eight, but he is a much better one this year, and it was certainly a sad omission on the part of the selectors, of whom I was one,

that we did not choose him in the side against America. We did not realise how very good he was.

So much for the new Champion. My second impression is that of extraordinary thankfulness—in a friendly spirit—that we disposed so thoroughly of the Americans. I think we were very lucky to do it, and I still think, as I did after the international match, that they play golf better than we do and that we have much to learn from them. Perhaps only those who were actually at Hoylake can realise how frightened people were of them and what was the feeling of relief when they disappeared. Perhaps it will not be considered too unbearably egotistical if I relate one small story about myself. I had the good fortune to eliminate, in the fifth and sixth rounds respectively, the last two survivors, Dr. Paul Hunter and Mr. Wright. I was walking along the main street of Hoylake on the day afterwards when a gentleman whom I had never met before came up to me, shook me warmly by the hand and said in a voice of almost awful solemnity: "Sir, I wish to thank you for the way in which you saved your country!" I blushed hotly, imagining myself for the moment to be Marshal Foch or Lord Haig. I do not tell the story for my own glorification, nor to smile at my kind if unknown friend, but it does illustrate the intense feeling of terror that these fine young golfers had implanted in the popular breast.

Thinking it all over now, it seems to me that on their merits as players we had grave reason to be frightened of them, but

we underrated the difficulty of eight men playing against two hundred and seventeen. I am sure that the Americans felt this themselves, and as there were fewer and fewer of them so the task of the survivors grew the harder. The Hoylake crowd was infinitely sporting and treated our gallant visitors very well, but even so the feeling of three or four thousand onlookers all praying for your defeat is something that it is hard to fight against. That this intense though silent feeling was a great help to the defenders I for one can certainly testify.

On the first day of the Championship the American terror reigned supreme. All their Champions got through, and the way in which Mr. Wright, after a bad start, disposed of Mr. Mark Seymour was positively ominous. The first hint of the fact that after all the Americans were human came with the amazing match in the second round between Mr. Bobby Jones and Mr. Hamlet. Mr. Bobby Jones, though only nineteen, is one of the grandest golfers you can imagine. Mr. Hamlet, with all respect to him, is a very ordinary scratch player who was not even playing his game. Yet Mr. Jones so utterly failed to settle down and take advantage of many chances that he was nearly beaten and ought to have been quite beaten. True, in the afternoon he recovered and played superbly against Mr. Harris, trouncing him severely, but the spell was broken. We were never quite so frightened again, and when Mr. Francis Ouimet, the most feared of them all, was beaten by Mr. Hodgson, the Yorkshire Champion, it did not seem so incredible as it would have done twenty-four hours before. Next day Mr. Bobby Jones had another bad morning, and this time he found a man who would not let him off. Mr. Allan Graham, steady

and sound and placid almost to the verge of sleepiness, was just the man for the job. He was not carried off his feet by the sudden prospect of surprising victory, but went on playing the most thoroughly good golf till he completely crushed the infant phenomenon of Georgia. Mr. Evans, the third of the "big three," was beaten by Mr. Fownes, his own captain—it was a piece of bad luck they should meet—and then we realised that we had "muddled through" in our traditional manner.

I have written at length about these visitors of ours—the best losers I ever met—because their presence made this Championship not quite like any other; but there were exciting and dramatic events in which they played no part. There was Mr. Tolley's great win over Mr. Jenkins, for instance, to be followed immediately by his defeat by the unknown Mr. Beddard. And above all there was Mr. John Ball. To see Mr. Ball starting out on a match on his native heath, flanked by rosetted stewards, with the blue-jerseyed fishermen and indeed the whole population of Hoylake tramping prayerfully and proudly behind him, is a unique sight in golf and, I think, an extraordinarily moving one. And Mr. Ball was playing very well. He tired and played less well as he went on, as well he might, but the hot weather was all against him. If it had been cold and rainy and windy I really do believe he might yet have won another Championship. The only consolation is this, that if by chance Mr. Ball and one of our American visitors had met in the final I do not believe that the match could ever have been played, so great would have been the crowd, so frantic the excitement.

QUO VADIS EUROPA?

BEING LETTERS OF TRAVEL FROM THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE IN THE YEAR 1921.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

IV.—FROM SOFIA.

THE last night at Constantinople was memorable, and it is strange to contrast the brilliance, the clamour, the poignancy of that time with the quiet gloom and dirt of Sofia. Dinner with two young Russians at the *Kievsky Ugolok*; vodka was taken as if it were part of a rite. We were served by a beautiful woman with little hands. All the lights were shaded and the violins crooned.

"The best of my youth gone in senseless fighting," said Count T. "Twenty-two to twenty-eight, think of it; surely the best years of life, and campaigning all the while, from Insterburg to Sevastopol and who knows what more."

"I am going to cut it all and start afresh," said Colonel S. "I don't believe in the cause. If I could get a little farm in Canada—or California!"

"Well, you are married and have children; that makes the difference. You are bound to them. But honour binds me to Russia—whatever happens."

"It's a strange time."

"Yes, strange."

"Who knows what will happen next in Europe!"

"Do you think European civilisation will fall?"

"I think it is possible that it may."

"In my opinion also—it may happen. The fall of Russia is just a forewarning. It will all go down."

Once more the favourite theme of conversation.

Going home at midnight one sees the miscellaneous crowd still on the street. From an open café window a gramophone bleats out the strains of "Pagliacci" into the street, as if Pagliacci also were a refugee and were on the streets. Listening to it there came the thought that our whole modern way of life, of which that opera is sufficiently characteristic, was being chased from its home, chased out into an unkind elemental world to beg its way. Then on a corner of a street a hoarse woman calling repeatedly her price, like a hawker at a market, "Chetiresta! Chetiresta!" Quite a decent lady in Russia, the wife of a bank clerk or petty official, but now up against it, the great *it* of revolution. Four crooked lanes go down to Petits Champs, all a-jingle with Greek music and tinkling glasses and women's laughter. The great glass-house cabaret below is resplendent with electric light, and you see the figures swirl in a "Grande Danse Moscovite." You climb the mounting street to where dusky but handsome Punjabi soldiers stand in front of the British Embassy, looking with sinless gaze on sin passing by, and then to the hotel. You sleep in the office of the hotel, between two safes, because there is no room to be had anywhere. Your curtainless windows are right on the street, and the endless razzle-dazzle of night life

goes on. In the disturbed after-hours of midnight or early hours of morning you may see a dozen or so drunken sailors pulling cabs and cabhorses on to the pavement, two sailors on each horse, cuffing its flanks with their hats, shouting and screeching and evidently dreaming of the Wild West whence they came, the Turkish cabdrivers absolutely placid and passive, however, and the Turkish gendarmes unalarmed, while strapping fellows of the American Naval Police, with white bonnets on their heads and neat blue jerkins, rush in and literally fell the sailors one by one with their truncheons and fling them sprawling to the sidewalk.

Next morning it is brilliantly and cruelly sunny, and on the way out of the city the eyes rest on a young woman dressed in the fashions of 1917, but with burst boots and darned "Tango" stockings and rent, shabby dress. The strong light betrays the disguises of a long-lived hat and shines garishly on the powder and paint of a young-old face. So Constantinople goes on—

What a contrast when you return to Sofia! It is a day's journey in the express—a very short time, far too short to efface the vivid impression on the senses made by Constantinople. Perhaps, in one respect, Sofia resembles the great city, in that it is overcrowded. Arriving at night you are lucky to share a room with a Bulgarian officer. The latter is lying in bed and does not seem perturbed at a civilian being put into his room. Perhaps he has been staying a long time without paying, and the management is retaliating. There is a bed which has sheets which may have been laid fresh for a German officer in 1915, and you wisely follow the custom of the country and sleep with your clothes on.

Next day, when you step out on to the streets of the Bulgarian capital, your eyes almost refuse to take in the change. You have such a strong expectation of the moving picture of the Constantinople street that you feel, as it were, robbed and astonished, as by a spell cast over your world. You have been transported by enchantment to an entirely different scene. Here is a strange quiet. A peasant population has come to town in heavy clothes and heavy faces. Despite the war and all the trouble it has meant, even to Bulgaria, there is a feeling that all able-bodied men and women are provided for. Here is none of the elegance and indolence of Athens, or of the ingenuity and cleverness of Constantinople, but a steadiness and drabness of a peasant clumsiness mark the new Sofia. It is neither so pleasant nor so promising a place as it was in 1915. The soil of the black years is upon it.

Sofia was a pleasant city without much fashion or style then, and that aspect has intensified itself. The peasant is the born enemy of the town, and while he may be perfect in the country he is a boorish and non-comprehending fellow

when he comes to the capital to rule. The peasant in power has very little use for the brighter side of civilisation. The more the latter is cut down the better for him. He has, unfortunately, grasped the truism that "without the peasant nothing can exist," and he is much disposed, therefore, to take more of the profit of living for himself and cut down the expenses of civilisation.

In Bulgaria we have the curious anomaly of peasant-communists in political power and a king. Monarchy and a sort of Bolshevism.

"So you are all Bolsheviks here?"

"No; only peasant-communists."

"Is that not similar?"

"No; we have no international programme. International politics do not interest us. We do not want any more wars. Governments make the wars and the people have to fight them. Ask anyone—did we want the last war? Do we ever get anything out of wars? No; and now we have an administration which will keep us out of trouble."

The speaker was an ordinary Sofian proletarian earning his living in a bakery. He seemed much pleased with Bulgaria as she is now; did not want a port or talk about plebiscites or the alleged nationality of those who dwell in the wildernesses of Macedonia.

So it is, a people of few words and not much racial ambition is in power. The old diplomats and politicians—the "bourgeois," as they are now called—are all in opposition. Most of the educated and cultured and rich are out of office and power. They pursue the same old course of Balkan intrigue, communicating their opinions to you in stage-whispers, but intrigue merely ends in intrigue and does not lead to action. The old régime and old politics naturally find allies in the Press, which, having been so venal in the past, finds it difficult to turn to honest journalism. The venality of the Press in Balkan countries is a characteristic which does more harm to nationhood in these parts than is understood. It springs from the original practice of giving State subsidies to authors and journalists and newspaper proprietors, on the ground that the reading public is too small to support such people entirely. Receivers of subsidies are naturally chary of writing against their patrons, and a great opportunity arises for interested parties to buy the Press. The advisability of buying sections of the Balkan Press is urged upon foreign Governments. So journalism and the organs of public opinion become not only physically debauched but poisoned at heart.

For that reason one need not pay much respect to the recrudescence in the Press of attacks upon Greece. It is true, Bulgaria has lost Dedeagatch, her southern port, her window on to the Aegean, and that a Greek army is between Bulgaria and Constantinople, but peasant Bulgaria will thrive quite well without a port; she virtually never used Dedeagatch, and it would be obvious foolishness to shed more blood for the possession of this remote harbour. The exit of Varna on the Black Sea suffices for all the wants of new Bulgaria.

One meets many partisans of Bulgaria. English people naturally like the Bulgars at first sight. The Bulgar is a good fighting man, and that makes a strong appeal to the man of the world. He is simple, not bumptious, gives himself no airs of traditional culture or modern education, and therefore recommends himself. The cynical and false opinion of 1914-15 regarding Bulgaria—that she would come in to the war on the side that bid most money—is forgotten. And the disloyalties of Bulgaria, disloyalty to the Russia who set her free and to her erstwhile ally Serbia, are overlooked. The stupid Bulgarian hates and intractabilities are ignored, and the new European partisans would raise and strengthen her again, some being even ready, in opinion, to set her flying against Greece once more.

There is one constructive hope which appeals to most thinking minds, and that is, that at some time in the future Bulgaria could be merged in Jugo-Slavia or federated with it. Serbia abandoned her own good name and took this name of Jugo-Slavia, or Country of the Southern Slavs, that she might form the basis of a Commonwealth of all the Southern Slav nationalities. And if she embraces Croats and Slovenes, why not Bulgars too? It is said that the Bulgars, in order to ingratiate themselves with their war-allies, pretended that they were not Slav, that they were in reality also Huns, kindred of Hungarians and Finns. But a people with a language so like Russian could hardly cling to that deception. The best way to avoid trouble in the Balkans is to have larger, more comprehensive States. Therefore, one looks forward to the emergence of Bulgaria in something better and safer by and by.

Many Russians have found refuge in Sofia, a few thousand of the more lucky ones who have managed to get away from Constantinople. I daresay it is not realised how difficult it

is to get out of that city, to go even such a short distance as Sofia. Even for an Englishman it is difficult enough. He has to apply to the British control with a fee and a photograph. When it grants permission he goes to the French, thence to the Italians, thence to the Greeks, who want another photograph, thence to the Bulgars. Then he has to get a doctor's certificate. What takes days for one of us takes months for a Russian, and then he has to have sponsors. However, when once he gets to Sofia, he finds the cost of living reduced five times. A pound sterling would keep a Russian in Sofia for a week, but in Constantinople for not much more than a day. Of course, you can starve for nothing in both cities: the cost of living ceases to be important when you have nothing at all. But Sofia abounds in cheap white bread and butter. You get a pat of about two ounces with your morning roll. Vienna and Berlin may be on black bread, Buda-Pesth without butter; but Sofia does not lack. And sugar seems plentiful, and meat is not dear. Oranges are cheap, and the wine of the country is accessible. Manufactures, of course, depend on the exchange and are expensive. There is cheap entertainment—the inexpensive tedium of the cinema and the use of a theatre. Once more Russia in exile affords some cultural help with performances of the Theatre of Art, concerts and ballet. Peter Struve has taken up his abode, and now makes bold to re-issue one of Russia's principal critical reviews, the *Russkaya Misl*. Here in Sofia is a Russian publishing house which has printed translation of Wells' impressions of Bolshevik Russia and "At the Feast of the Gods" by Bulgakov, and Struve's "Thoughts on the Revolution," new books of value which suggest that the old Russia still lives.

Asked how the Bulgars behaved towards the Russians, a foreign and therefore, perhaps, neutral diplomat replied: "The Bulgar will not do anything for people in distress. He is an egoist. He'll let his own father starve rather than sacrifice anything of his own. He has cause to be eternally grateful to the Russians, and now he has a chance to pay back something of what he owes, but not he. He treats the Russian as a beggar and an inferior, just because he sees him in a state of failure and misery."

A Serbian, asked whether Bulgars and Serbs could come to an understanding, said: No, because when the Bulgars were put in power over Serbs by the strength of German arms they set about abolishing the Serbian nation. In a cold-blooded way they went through the whole of Serbia, murdering and destroying. A nation like the Bulgars, said he, is incapable of friendship.

A Greek, asked could there be an *entente* between Greece and Bulgaria, a burying of the hatchet, replied: "No; there is a mortal vendetta between us. There is something in the Bulgarian which makes our people see red."

When these matters were referred to a Bulgarian, he smiled and said: "We shall obtain the protection of England or France; that will be enough. Bulgaria is impregnable against enemies. Let any nation try and take Bulgaria and her mountains, see what it will cost in human lives. But these wars, what is the use of them: does anyone ever gain anything by them?"

Bulgaria gained her freedom by a war. But of that it seemed untactical to remind this denizen of Sofia. Besides, he was a kind of Bolshevik. If Bolshevism were to sweep Europe he would not be put out of doors. Bulgaria also would be in the political advance-guard of world-progress.

"You do compulsory communal labour in the fields every year, do you not?"

"Such a law has been passed. You see, we are an agricultural people. Food is our life. The war greatly disturbed our population, and it was not easy to get labour or to get it at a reasonable price. So compulsory labour was introduced—every man to do his share in producing the daily bread."

So Bulgaria has met the peace. She was our enemy. But her money is at least worth more than that of one of our Allies, and compares favourably with that of another. The cost of living is low. Wages have gone up to a considerable extent, and the able-bodied working-man has enough for himself and his family. One saw how much more stable is an agricultural State than an industrial one. If our Europe goes down in economic ruin it does not at all follow that little States like Bulgaria will be engulfed. On the contrary, Bulgaria, as she is constituted to-day, would almost certainly survive. It is industrialism and large business upon which our Western superstructures depend, not on the tilling of the soil.

"Humanity, however, first depends on bread," said a Bulgarian in a restaurant. If civilisation falls, it does not follow that humanity will fall."

There was plenty of bread on the table in front of us.

"Well, thanks for the bread. But you know the text. There are some of us who still want to live by the Word."

CORRESPONDENCE

*WOODCOCK CARRYING YOUNG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I understand that among naturalists the question of a woodcock carrying its young when on the wing is now a matter of established fact and no longer controversial. As, however, few people have had the good fortune actually to witness such an incident, the following may be of interest to your readers. On May 12th, after getting out of a motor on a side road about a mile from Kildonan in Sutherlandshire, I put up a woodcock at a range of about 10yds. The bird flew slowly over the heather with a peculiar heavy and lagging flight, and I could see that it was weighted by something tucked under it between its claws. A gillie, who was standing about 5yds. from me, saw distinctly that the burden was a young woodcock. A few yards from the spot where the woodcock rose we put up three more, apparently well grown young birds, which flew slowly and with difficulty. A keeper to whom we described the incident said that he had once had a similar experience. On that occasion a woodcock, carrying its young, tried to fly across a road in front of a motor in which the keeper was riding. Flying slowly, and having misjudged the speed of the car, the woodcock dropped its young one on the road. With the exception of this keeper, no one whom I met in the neighbourhood had personally witnessed such an occurrence.—GEORGE SOUTHCOKE.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE RATE OF DIGESTION OF THE FOOD OF THE BLACK-HEADED GULL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is certainly one point upon which Dr. Collinge and I appear to agree, that is, the very rapid rate at which fish are digested by gulls. From the remarks in his last letter he would probably not deny that a black-headed gull is able to digest a 5in. sprat in three hours, as illustrated in my last letter. It is this rapid rate of digestion that is of interest when this gull is feeding solely on fish, as it frequently does, for then a large amount of fish can be taken during the hours of daylight without there being much evidence of fish in the stomach at any particular time.—FRANCIS WARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—For Dr. Ward to conclude that the black-headed gull is destructive to fish, through his carrying out of experiments under conditions unnatural to this bird's usual ways of feeding, is surely unfair to the gull and unconvincing to those whom he would persuade; if it is chiefly this upon which he bases his statistics. Naturally, if gulls feeding on refuse in the winter time suddenly discover free meals of sprats, they would take advantage of them, just as if one provides robins and titmice, etc., with some insectile mixture, one does not expect them to leave it undevoured, though it is not their normal menu. Birds of many species can easily be induced and encouraged to feed upon what they would not naturally take in a wild state. What Mr. Robinson writes in your issue of May 14th is far nearer the mark with regard to the general food of the black-headed gull, which, when following the plough (to take that as one instance), must accomplish untold good to the agriculturist. Even supposing the black-headed gulls does eat some fish in addition to the myriads of earthworms, caterpillars, etc., which they destroy, why on earth should they be condemned? Why should not they too enjoy some fish as much as humans, some of whom begrudge everything to anything that they think interferes with their sport or their food! It is the same with the kingfisher, yet is it perfectly possible to enjoy good sport on a trout stream where kingfishers are not destroyed. It is the same with blackbirds and thrushes. The fruit farmers destroy them, and the caterpillars and slugs destroy the fruit far more than the birds, which serves the fruit-grower right, who only judges by what he sees.—HUBERT D. ASTLEY.

THE HABITS OF THE SQUIRREL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Seeing the letter in your columns about "a squirrel killing young thrushes" reminded me of a somewhat similar occurrence of which a friend told me a few days ago. He heard a great commotion, and proceeding to the scene of action found that a squirrel was being attacked by about half a dozen thrushes. The squirrel

was clinging absolutely terrified to the trunk of a tree, and the thrushes were one after another attacking it, making a great display of daring, but doing apparently little harm. My friend was at a loss to find a reason for this attack on an "inoffensive little squirrel" as he described it, but the letter of your correspondent offers a possible explanation; at least, it shows that the squirrel is not as inoffensive as a great many people imagine. In the case I mention it probably thoroughly deserved what it got.—H. S. P.

WORKING COAL OUT-CROPS IN LANCASHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In this district it is quite common to come upon seams of coal a few feet below the surface. These outcrops are in themselves too small to be worked properly with advantage, and at the beginning of the strike leave was granted to the miners to dig out coal for their own personal use. This was the beginning of a hundred miniature coal mines. Crowds assembled to assist, and everyone joined in somewhere, somehow. Old women shovelled the coal into sacks while their grandchildren scrambled about with soap boxes on wheels collecting stray pieces. Some of the men tunneled straight into a high bank, others delved in the earth to a depth of 12ft. to 30ft. through stiff clay before they came to a useful seam of black diamonds. In one case a tunnel was made extending about 12yds. The workers descending and ascending by means of a ladder, and hauling the coal up in buckets as shown in my sketch. Small companies were formed, who pegged out their claims, and, if they did not happen to be working at night, watches were set to prevent interference and infringement. According to the men themselves, they were working harder than when in the pits, and in six days four men managed to dig out forty tons of coal! There was, of course, a certain amount of danger attached to these proceedings arising from inexperience in the propping up of roofs, etc., and several men have been killed and others temporarily buried. The quality of the coal is inferior, although when washed it has quite a prepossessing appearance.

As the strike continued so the activities on the outcrops grew. Night and day there were little iron braziers burning and processions carrying sacks of coal up the path to the road. But the coal was not now used only by the miners, but was sold to anyone who would buy it. Consequently every kind of vehicle arrived, from a steam engine to a donkey cart, and the coal was stacked in heaps along the roadside. The usual price ranged from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a sack, but the dealers who bought it charged 5s. a sack. But, of course, this was causing strife and dissension, and the Miners' Federation and the owners of the outcrops are now taking every possible step to bring the working to an end, as the privileges are being abused. Also plantations were being cut down to provide props.—JOYCE H. M. BANKES.

NINE EGGS IN A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think that it will interest you to know that on April 24th, about 10ft. from the ground, in an elder tree overgrown with ivy, I found a blackbird's nest with nine eggs in it. A satisfactory explanation of this remarkable discovery would be highly interesting.—K. S. WAKEFIELD.

[It is not very unusual for two birds to lay in the same nest.—ED.]

WATERLOO AND THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ETON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Weigall, in your issue of May 14th, asserted—and evidently he supports the almost century old saw—that "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." At any rate, he writes that Wellington was the author of the adage. Whatever Waterloo was won on, the saying as to "the playing fields" is a pure invention put into the mouth of Wellington by some anonymous person and is indisputable, for this Early Victorian adage has now been exploded by expert military historians and by Wellington's descendants, who say that Wellington—like all the more eminent commanders who led under him at Waterloo—was *not* at Eton. That Wellington was never at Eton is supported by the fact that his name was not on the books. This fact was borne out by one of the Duke's descendants, who, as recently as 1911, said that the Marquess Wellesley was at Eton, but not his distinguished brother, Arthur, he having been sent instead to the Military School at Angers by his parents. The two senior Generals next to Wellington (leaving out the Prince of Orange) at Waterloo were



WHERE THE COAL MINERS STILL WORK!

Lord Anglesea, who was at Westminster, and Lord Hill, who was not a Public School boy. The next in seniority were Sir John Vandeleur, Sir Hussey Vivian and the brothers Ponsonby (one of them fell leading the Union Brigade of Dragoons). They were all at Harrow, as were Lord Hardinge (who lost an arm) and Colonel Gordon, the Duke's aide-de-camp. Lord Seaton was at Winchester, and Lord Edmund Somerset, the Earl of March and Lord W. Lennox were at Westminster; so was Lord Strafford (then General Byng), who commanded the Guards Brigade. Sir Denis Packe was a Harrovian. Non-Etonians were the famous Picton, Sir Colin Hulke, Lord Raglan (of the Beaufort family) and Lord Downes, all of whom figured prominently at Waterloo. Two of Wellington's leading Peninsular Generals, Lord Dalhousie (Harrow) and Lord Combermere (Westminster), and Lord Beresford were not at Eton.

May I conclude by pointing out to Mr. Weigall that my case is that Eton had but a slender share in the victory at Waterloo, and that the old adage can only be supported by naming the Etonian Generals who distinguished themselves above those from Harrow and Westminster.—HUBERT BURROWS.

"WORKING ON THE TOADS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—On discussing the question of superstitions with a Cornishman, he informed me that toads are supposed to play a very active part in the practise of "witchcraft" in Cornwall. A man who lived in a marshy place where toads abounded was said to have the power of "working on the toads," and thus casting a spell over people who offended him. My informant's father had been a large mine owner, and about twenty years ago he was having the ground cleared on one side of a "leit" (large ditch to convey waste water away). One of the workmen employed in removing the stones picked up a large one and, endeavouring to throw it across the "leit," lost his balance, fell, and broke his leg. His son, instead of waiting to pick up his father, rushed up to the office and asked that he might be allowed to go to Exeter. On being asked the reason for his wishing to visit Exeter, he replied that his father's accident was due to an enemy "working on the toads," and that he was going to the "white witch of Exeter" to have the spell removed, the "white witch" being a stronger witch than the enemy who had "worked on the toads." The son would not

enthusiasm expressed by the local organisers to Mr. Walpole Sealy and myself, may I put on record our high sense of the benefit the Association is to country places in general and to Women's Institutes in particular, and urge all counties which have not already organised a tour to do so? We in Dorset would think it a calamity were the Association to come to an end.—C. A. HINXMAN.

AN ARTISTIC BEETLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The accompanying photograph shows the wonderful diagrams formed by the Scolytus destructor. This small, cylindrical, wood-boring beetle, about one eighth of an inch in length, lays its eggs in the bark of the elm, the grubs feeding on the soft, inner bark. The scolytus makes radiating galleries under the bark, leaving the tree exposed to other insect enemies, and ultimately causes the destruction of the limb affected.—S.

A JAPANESE FLOWER SELLER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I am sending you a picture of everyday life in Japan which I hope you will care to



WON'T YOU BUY MY PRETTY FLOWERS?

listen to any reasoning, and departed for Exeter. The mine owner, on going out to investigate, found the sufferer sitting on the edge of the "leit." No one had gone for a doctor, as they said it would be no use unless the spell had been removed first of all! Another time, at the same mine, a man refused to cross a "leit" to do some work, saying that "Charlie," with whom he had quarrelled, was "working on the toads," and that an accident would happen if he crossed the plank bridge. The mine owner laughed, and insisted upon the man wheeling his barrow across as usual. Whether the thought of the spell was too much for him or whether it was an accident could not be told, but on the third trip across the bridge the man, barrow and all, tumbled over the plank, bringing down the whole affair. The man was quite triumphant, in spite of a broken arm. "I told you he be 'aworking on the toads,'" he exclaimed as he was helped out of the "leit." On questioning my informant he could not tell me whether this was a superstition connected with water or not, although in both the instances quoted the accident occurred with water.—H. T. C.

VILLAGE CONCERT PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Could you find space for a short appreciation of what the Village Concert Party has done for us in Dorset? We owe them much, both for the real educational uplift by means of true art and for the charming personality, good will and friendliness of the performers. Their music, of the highest order, delighted every place, proving most conclusively that we country people, even in the smallest and most remote village, do appreciate "the best" when it is offered to us. So, on behalf of the audiences in nineteen Dorset villages and country towns, and because of the

publish in COUNTRY LIFE. It shows a flower seller carrying his wares and passing the time of day with a small girl in the street.—D. D. LYNE.

THE COLLECTING OF WATER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Coming home from the East I was struck with the methods in different places of collecting and storing water. Aden is one of the driest spots in the world, that is, as far as water

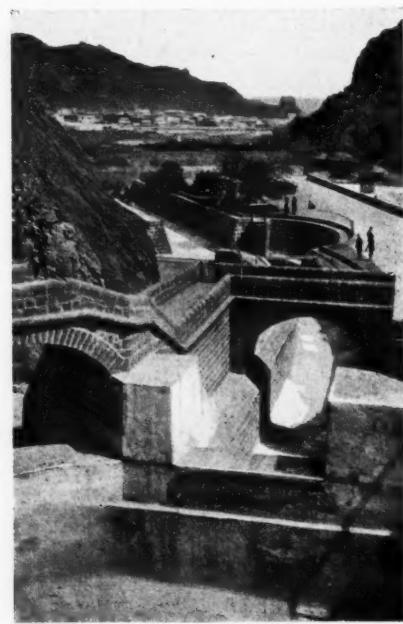


PART OF THE COLLECTING AREA AT GIBRALTAR



A BEETLE'S DESIGN.

is concerned. I remember going ashore and the sky looked a little overcast, so I asked one of the inhabitants if it was going to rain; his reply was certainly assuring, for he said it had not really rained for two years and he did not think it was going to start yet. The problem of water in Aden has always been a very real one, and the wonderful system of tanks hidden away in one of the great ravines in the rock behind the town was re-discovered about the middle of last century and put into a splendid state of repair, so that they are now the wonder of the beholder; but what is more wonderful is the fact that nobody knows who really made them. When I was there there was very little water in any of the tanks and the wells were very low; but when the rain does come it is not a gentle shower but a mighty flood that flows down from all the rocks and fills up the tanks—and the people of Aden praise Allah. When we come to Gibraltar, that other great rock fortress of the Empire, we find that water is still a problem, but not so much on account of its scarcity as the difficulty in collecting it. Many better class houses have their own rain-water tanks, so have the naval and military authorities; and the sanitary commissioners have tanks and specially prepared collecting areas. Approaching the Rock from the East we can see that a considerable part of its almost precipitous face has been cemented; the rain runs down this and is collected at the bottom. These collecting areas cover something like sixteen acres, and the storage tanks, excavated in the solid rock, have a capacity of more than six million gallons.—R. GORBOLD.



THE TANKS AT ADEN,

THE ESTATE MARKET

A FAIRLY ACTIVE TENDENCY

THE volume of property under the hammer is not as large as it would be if the industrial outlook were clearer, but it is satisfactory to note that of the properties submitted a fairly large proportion finds buyers under the hammer or immediately afterwards.

BILLINGBEAR AND LECHLADE.

NEXT Monday at Reading the Billingbear estate, near Twyford, will be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Martin Nockolds and Sons. It extends to 1,800 acres, first-class shooting land, the bags, of which careful count was made before the war, having totalled 3,396 in 1911-12, 3,717 in the following year, 4,073 in 1913-14 and 3,239 in 1914-15. There are 400 acres of woodland. The mansion dates from 1567, and is of brick with stone mullioned windows, and the Justice Room has a beamed ceiling, enriched frieze, and an antique mantelpiece and overmantel.

In the "Topographical Survey of the County of Berks," published in 1761, it is stated that "Billingsbare was for a long time the seat of the Nevils, a branch of the family of the Earls of Abergavenny, and now of the Countess of Portsmouth . . . two miles and a half N.E. of Oakingham (the modern Wokingham)." The estate is shown on the map as "Billings Bare." Ashmole in "Antiquities of Berks," published in 1723, gives a "Copy of a List of Loyalist Compounders for their Estates, printed at London, 1655," among which is "Richard Nevill of Billingbere, Esq., £887."

The late Mr. J. Loughborough Pearson—architect of works so various as Truro Cathedral and the Astor Estate Office on the Victoria Embankment (the subject of an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE of September 25th, 1920, page 308)—also designed the mansion of Lechlade Manor, which was built in 1873 at a cost of over £20,000. It is in the Elizabethan style, looking out on two sides over a spacious and richly wooded park. Lechlade, mentioned in Domesday, after being held from the Norman Conquest by the Ferrers family, reverted to the Crown and was the dowry of Catherine of Arragon. The 600 acres are in a good hunting country, the V.W.H. (Cricklade), V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's), Heythrop and Old Berkshire Foxhounds.

In regard to the impending sale, announced some weeks ago in COUNTRY LIFE, the Countess Roberts has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to act jointly with Mr. Dyneley Luker in offering Englemere, Ascot. The property was the home of the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C.

WITLEY AND CANONS.

REGARDING the sale of Witley Court announced in COUNTRY LIFE last week, it should be mentioned that Mr. G. E. Ingman (Messrs. Deacon and Ingman) acted on behalf of Sir Herbert Smith, the purchaser from Messrs. Norbury-Smith and Co.'s clients, and that the sale includes the contents of the mansion, excepting books, plate, pictures and certain other items. Curiously, on the very day that the contract for the sale of Witley Court was signed—recalling the munificence of former owners of the estate, notably the first Lord Foley, who built Witley Church—it was the fate of Canons, Edgware, to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The connection between the two places lies in the fact that when the original mansion of Canons was demolished the painted ceiling, done by Verrio for the "princely Duke of Chandos," was bought by Lord Foley and removed to Witley Church. A good deal of the rest of the material of the old Canons came in for the building of the new one, a mansion which, while not on the extravagant scale of the old one, is yet a roomy and admirably equipped residence. With 150 acres Canons was bid up to "level money," £100,000, and withdrawn. The vendor is Sir Arthur Du Cros.

The Peplow estate, Salop, between Wellington and Drayton, extending to about 1,540 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who disposed of much of the outlying sections of the Bifrons estate at an auction at Canterbury. Approximately

1,200 acres realised £29,960, and the tenants secured many of the lots both before and at the auction. One of the largest lots was Gore Street Farm, Sarre, 245 acres, sold for £7,000.

Swyncombe auction at Henley-on-Thames resulted in the disposal of fifty-two lots for £14,925, the mansion and eighteen other lots being withdrawn.

Sir William Cresswell Gray has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of the remaining portions of the Membland Hall estate, on the Devonshire coast, ten miles from Plymouth, where the sale will be held on July 1st. The mansion—which during Lord Revelstoke's ownership, was visited by the King, and by King Edward VII, as well as by the late Empress Frederick—is included in the sale, with 505 acres. The woods make Membland a capital sporting place, and there is hunting with the Dartmoor Foxhounds, Dartmoor Otter Hounds and Modbury Harriers. The Yealm's mouth affords a safe anchorage for yachts. Devon marble was used in the inner hall of the mansion and elsewhere, and the ceilings are noteworthy, especially that in the drawing-room, which is in ribbed panels in relief, with finely executed paintings.

WOODHALL SPA.

WHEN the Victoria Hotel, Woodhall Spa, was burned down in 1920 only a couple of wings containing about twenty-six bedrooms were saved, with certain ground floor rooms. After the fire, arrangements were made with Lady Weigall and Sir Archibald Weigall, C.M.G., to carry on the hotel business during last year's season at their country house, Petwood, which adjoins the Spa grounds, and similar arrangements have been made for the hotel business to be carried on there by a local committee during the present season. The Spa baths, including the electrical department, are equipped with the most modern appliances for carrying out electrical and medicinal treatment in connection with the cures. The Woodhall Spa Company, Limited, has directed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Tuckett, Webster and Co., to dispose of the freeholds, including the remains of the hotel and 56 acres of land at auction in Lincoln on June 14th, as a going concern. The Spa, midway between Lincoln and Boston, dates its modern development from the year 1887. The water is exceptionally rich in iodine and bromine.

LORD KNUTSFORD'S WITLEY HOUSE.

THE late Lord Knutsford's Witley home for fully forty years, Pinewood, adjoining Sandhills Common, overlooking the Sussex Weald and Hindhead, is in the market. The extensive old-world grounds have secluded walks among the pines and a large kitchen garden. Close by is Pinewood Lodge, which the late Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., built and lived in for a long while. Mr. Axel Haig is selling Grayshurst, Haslemere, and another well known vendor in the same locality is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has given Messrs. C. Bridger and Son instructions to accept a low price for his Hindhead house, Undershaw, and four acres, some 800ft. above sea level.

A very pleasing house, commanding views across Morecambe Bay, is Boarbank Hall, Grange-over-Sands, for sale with 195 acres at Carnforth, next Thursday (June 9th) by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, as a whole or with 10 acres only.

The old Cotswold manor house, Lullingworth, near Painswick, has been sold by Messrs. Constable and Maude in conjunction with Messrs. Deacon and Ingman. The house was remodelled and enlarged under the supervision of Mr. Morley Horder, materials from other old houses being employed where necessary with the happiest results. Negotiations are pending for the disposal of one or two of the smaller lots on the little estate of 50 acres. The former firm also announces the sale of Corsley House, Warminster, comprising an old-fashioned residence and 50 acres, which was withdrawn from their auction a short time ago. They have also been successful in finding a purchaser under the hammer for Forest Green House, Dorking, a small residence of the farmhouse type and 18 acres. This is

the second time this property has been sold by them in six weeks.

REIGATE TO BE SOLD.

THE greater part of the town of Reigate is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in the autumn, under the instructions of Mr. Somers Somerset, The Priory having recently been sold to Admiral Lord Beatty. The estate has been in the hands of the vendor's family for many generations. There are a large number of private houses, and shops and building land in the principal thoroughfares. The properties will, so far as practicable, be offered in separate lots, to give the lessees an opportunity.

A total of £20,225 was obtained at Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey's sale of the Duncliffe estate, a few lots being bought in, as was also Nunton House Farm at another auction by the same firm.

Alderman Carter, chairman of the Holland, Lines, County Agricultural Committee, has given £4,000 for Stukeley House, Holbeach, and 15 acres, called after the famous antiquarian, William Stukeley, who was a native of the town.

Messrs. Castiglione and Sons announce the sale of an Irish property, Brackenstoun, County Dublin, for £14,000.

Guy's Cliffe Lawn, a Leamington freehold, has been sold for £3,300 by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, who have also disposed of portions of Ington Grange estate, Warwickshire, including the home farm, 128 acres, for £2,550, and about 168 acres additional for £4,500.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons' sales at St. James's Square include that of Fairstead, Great Warley, a modern house and 7 acres, for £6,800.

Gwydyr Castle remains for sale privately, having been bought in at £19,000 as it stands, or, with the panelling in the dining-room and oak parlour reserved, at £13,500, under the hammer of Messrs. Ward Price and Co.

Burghley, Woodspeen, a couple of miles from Newbury, was withdrawn at Messrs. Thake and Paginton's auction.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

SALES for approximately £36,000 effected during the last week or two by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior include The Waterside estate, Liphook, a residential and sporting property extending to over 80 acres with original stone Elizabethan residence, full of old oak and with three-quarters of a mile of fishing in the River Wey.

Also, on behalf of Lady Arthur Cecil, the firm has disposed of Chelfham Mill, Stoke Rivers, Devon, a modern residence with 37 acres of pasture and woodland and a mile of trout fishing; also The Cottage, Ormesby, Norfolk, a Georgian residence; Shalimar, Twyford, a bungalow residence with garage, about an acre of pretty garden and most of the furniture; and, in conjunction with Messrs. Fenn, Wright and Co., The Hamlet, Little Coggeshall, with 11 acres.

To-day (Saturday) Owlpen House and 422 acres on the Cotswolds, and in all 796 acres, with an old gabled farmhouse dated 1697, are to be offered at Gloucester by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. on behalf of Mrs. Trent-Stoughton. Recent private sales by them include Standish Park Farm, Gloucestershire, an agricultural estate of 530 acres, on behalf of the Gloucestershire County Council; a farm of 41 acres at Longhope, Gloucestershire; and a residential property near Cheltenham which, with eight small residences in or near Gloucester, have realised a total of over £23,500. The firm has likewise sold a small residence and about 25 acres of pasture and orcharding near Gloucester for £3,725.

Fairfield House, Hambledon, a Georgian seat, in the centre of Hambledon Hunt, about 15 acres, has been sold privately by Messrs. Harding and Harding.

Tentfield Lodge, a freehold of 11 acres at Wash Common, near Newbury, has been sold privately by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, who have also recently disposed of Flint House, Holcombe, twelve miles from Bath.

ARBITER.

THE SECOND of EPSOM'S CLASSIC RACES

SOME NOTES ON LEADING FILLIES.

HAVING disposed of the Derby, and survived the hurly-burly of the first half at Epsom, we now find ourselves up against the Oaks, the classic race for fillies. It is due to be decided to-day. Comments on the Derby must be left over for a week, and for the present, therefore, it is unnecessary to do more than look into the entry for the Oaks, which in 1919 closed with 280 entries. How strange it is that during the past weeks and months of intimate discussion on the Derby, this other classic race has scarcely been mentioned! It is so very hard to understand not why the Derby should be the more important, but why the Oaks should be so insignificant in a comparative sense.

Of those likely to run to-day, there is no outstanding champion, as Sceptre and Pretty Polly were in their years. Many other great ones of the sex could be named, but the truth is that there has not been a champion among the fillies for some years past. Last year Cinna held undeniably prospects. She had won the One Thousand Guineas quite easily, but in Charlebelle she found one a neck too good for her in the Oaks.

This year the One Thousand Guineas winner was Bettina, and I suppose she will be favourite for to-day's race. The filly, however, is not a favourite with the public and they are distrustful of her ability to confirm the form in the Oaks. An explanation may be that she won the One Thousand Guineas at 33 to 1, vastly surprising even her owner, Mr. Walter Raphael, and his trainer. I certainly share the distrust of her, because I regard the Newmarket race as having been falsely run. We had second a filly named Petrea that lost a lot of ground at the start and yet ran into the position named. This sort of thing does not happen unless the race is not really a race. A horse cannot give away start as races are run now, but Petrea managed to do so. Why? Because the race was run in four or five seconds slower time than the Two Thousand, which, decided the same afternoon, was run under exactly the same conditions of going and weather. Four or five seconds represents a big margin.

Surely something inexplicable happened to Barrulet, the favourite that day for the One Thousand Guineas. She collapsed like a pricked bubble at the end of six furlongs. That we knew could not be right, and confirmation of our doubts came last week at York, where she won a mile handicap, giving away a considerable amount of weight. Then Petrea has since been trounced by the four year old Roman Bachelor, giving as much as 32lb. Either, then, the form of the classic fillies is decidedly below the average or the One Thousand Guineas was a false-run race with a fluky result. The Oaks to-day will prove whether I am right or wrong, even though there is a big difference between a mile and a half at Epsom and the Rowley Mile at Newmarket. I may add that neither Petrea nor Barrulet is engaged in the Oaks.

Now let us see what Bettina's opponents are likely to be. Lord Astor, for instance, holds an astonishingly big hand, though the cards may not necessarily be high ones. Nevertheless, Pompadour has undoubtedly pretensions since she was third to Bettina at Newmarket and gave the idea that she would improve a lot. Then there is Oubliette, which also ran against Bettina, though not so well as Pompadour; Long Suit, the winner of the Royal Standard Stakes at the recent Manchester meeting, and a rapidly improving one; and Plymstock, which has yet to win a race, although she is thought something of. She is by Polymelus from Winkipop, the mare that won the One Thousand Guineas for Lord Astor some years ago and afterwards became the dam of Blink, a horse now at the stud at a 200 guinea fee. There is still a fifth standing in Lord Astor's name—W.A.A.C. by Swynford, out of Good and Gay. What if he should start "the whole fleet"? I expect he will be content to rely on a couple, and Pompadour may prove to be the better.

All those I have been discussing are trained by Alec Taylor for Lord Astor, but it is possible that the best filly at Manton is Tetrabbazia, an awkwardly named daughter of the Tetrarch from Abbazia, bred at Sledmere and bought by Mr. Joseph Watson as a yearling for a big sum. I have heard it said on what I accept as good authority that in the spring this filly was galloped to be better than Lemonora. Then she went wrong and could not run for the One Thousand Guineas, but how undeniably her chance would be now if quite all right again! Mr. Watson also has Love in Idleness and Blue Lady in the entry, but I do not think either will be good enough. Love in Idleness was very smart last year, but she has not grown to any appreciable extent.

Sir Abe Bailey will be present from South Africa to see his filly, Hasty Match, compete. She has grown into a fine sort and is in every way a credit to her sire, Son in Law, which, of course, was a rare stayer and won the Cesarewitch. I rather doubt, however, whether this daughter of his will stay. It was a six furlong race she won a little while ago at Gatwick. Lord Rosebery is also represented by three non-staying fillies; at least, I feel certain in my mind that Sally Lunn and Arabesque

do not stay. Versatile, however, may get the distance, but I would not trust her until proof in public has been forthcoming.

Mr. J. B. Joel, who has won the Oaks on four previous occasions, is likely to run both Royal Mirth, by Black Jester out of Bright, and Gesture, by Sunstar out of Absurdity (dam of Jest, who won the Oaks). Gesture does not stay and nothing is known of Royal Mirth, as she has not been seen in public, but she shows promise. Among those likely to start as outsiders is Keep Time, a filly by Captivation, that will carry the colours of the wife of the late "Paddy" Hartigan. Her form behind Blue Cloud at Hurst Park was not at all bad, and I will go so far in summing up as to suggest that while the race may be won for Manton, Keep Time is not unlikely to run into a place. The only other selection I will make for this concluding day at Epsom is that Mr. J. B. Joel may win the Acorn Plate for two year old fillies with Lady of Liège, by Sunstar from Beguine.

PHILIPPOS.

LAWN TENNIS

HERE certainly might have been more people at Hendon to witness the only Davis Cup match to be played in England this year—British Isles v. Spain—especially as the Spanish players were not only quite new to this country, but came over in the full flush of conquest over a strong team of French players who had just paid them a visit and retired with their Gallic cock's feathers considerably ruffled. This brave showing caused some pessimists over here to back them at much shorter odds than were justifiable, especially when it was known that Randolph Lycett had been given the choice over W. C. Crawley as one of the players to represent England in the Singles. Lycett's value as a singles player is thus at last recognised. That it was not conceded earlier is probably due to the fact that, until last summer, he did not seem to care for singles, confining himself almost entirely to doubles and mixed doubles. In the latter event he was, and is, the best player in the world; but so persistent was the habit of looking on him as merely a doubles player that the fact that he was only four games to the bad in four sets against Tilden, the Champion, last year at Wimbledon was dismissed as a sort of freak performance. Now that he has made good, it ought to be a long time before a British Isles Davis Cup team takes the field without him. Altogether outside his fine play in the Singles, the way in which he nursed his partner, Max Woosnam, through a very shaky start to a very brilliant finish in the Doubles match was enough to stamp him as a player whom we can certainly not do without.

Gordon Lowe proved less successful, only winning one of his two Singles; but if players can be beaten by having their hearts broken because their best winners come back, Lowe is just the man to defeat them. His patience and pertinacity are untiring.

The Spaniards were very good, and deserve every credit for a fine fight. M. Alonso, who defeated Lowe, not only beat him, but never looked like doing anything else. This was no inconsiderable achievement, for Lowe, on a good hard court, is what the Americans succinctly term "some proposition." Count de Gomar also played very well; and the two Spaniards had rather hard luck in being robbed of the second set, after they had won the first, in the Doubles. If they had secured it, I do not think they would have lost the match; but they lost it and heart together. I am very glad to hear that M. Alonso intends to compete at Wimbledon in the Championships.

In the tournament world the glut of entries continues. At Surbiton there were about 40 per cent. more matches on the programme than in 1920; at Malvern there were nearly 80 per cent. more; at Bristol and Chiswick Park the entry was largely increased. I am glad to see that one tournament committee, at least, has taken the bull by the horns: the Beckenham prospectus boldly says that "no player will be allowed to enter for more than five events." If this plan were adopted at all tournaments, and the inclusive entry fee abolished, it would at least allow the players in level events to get through their scheduled programme without the exhaustion entailed by an excessive number of matches, and therefore produce better play in the final stages.

Tournament committees are naturally frightened of doing anything to limit entries, since this means loss of entry fees. But the limitation need not have this result if the entry is small; since, then, with plenty of time, it might be withdrawn and "post entries" taken or a "consolation" event added.

As the season goes on the fact that there may be four or five tournaments every week instead of only one or two may help matters: it will be interesting this week, for example, to note the numbers of competitors at Harpenden, Gipsy, and the new Lowther Club meeting at Barnes—all "London meetings"—to say nothing of the Northern Championships in Lancashire, which always attract many of the Metropolitan "cracks." I hear that the Harpenden Tournament has attracted a considerably larger entry than last year, in spite of its new competitor at Barnes; but perhaps that is not a matter for wonder, for the Harpenden courts are always good, and it is one of the jolliest meetings in the London list.

F. R. BURROW.

GAME BIRDS AND THEIR ENEMIES

AN ENEMY IN THE GUISE OF A FRIEND.

WITH spring in full chorus certain problems connected with the superabundance of the jay once more crop up. Clearly, some thing must be done to reduce their number, not only in the interests of game species, but also in that of the song birds and warblers. During the war jays took full advantage of the immunity that was afforded them; but, in the light of experience, one may question whether the small number of keepers who remained on duty made a wise choice in allowing this portion of their work to get into such serious arrears. Those who foresaw the danger and sought to warn others of the risk that was being run were always turned down, and to-day we see the consequences of an excessive jay population—an insufficiency of small birds to cope with caterpillars and other insect pests.

Observation convinces me that nine out of ten of the nests of small birds fall a prey to the jay. This proportion holds good in a heavily wooded country like Surrey and Sussex, and is certainly a just estimate during the early part of the season before the foliage is fully out. Small wonder, then, that insects are on the increase. Nature in her wisdom is said to provide a remedy for these evils, and I think I can point to the effect of her striving in this particular case. The fact does not appear to be generally realised that sparrowhawks have latterly acquired the habit of killing large quantities of jays. Some of those with whom I have discussed the subject treat the suggestion with ridicule, but among those who have confirmed my observations I can find no one who came across a case prior to 1917.

It will be remembered that the winter 1916-17 was very severe, blackbirds and thrushes dying by the thousand. The jays, fat and sleek, fed lustily on the unhappy ones which had been weakened by starvation. The few survivors were unable to remedy the deficiency in their number, for the intact and largely augmented population of jays played havoc with their nests and young. The sparrowhawk, in turn, ran short, and it is my firm belief that this caused him to start to prey on the young jays. Certainly it was that in that year I first became aware that such a thing could be. I came across a young jay which had been killed by a sparrowhawk: its work was unmistakable—the patch of feathers where it had stripped its victim, and all else according to rule. Convinced at the moment that it was an isolated case, I soon had reason to amend my view. The continual commotion among the old jays left no doubt that it was a case of the biter being bit. Instead of the squawks of satisfaction which are emitted by the jay when sucking birds' eggs, the woods gave forth a new note, the angry screech of the old jays at all hours of the day. To such purpose did the sparrowhawks indulge their new lust that there was not a young jay left in that particular covert by the end of August. It was 120 acres in extent, and there were other large coverts around. In previous years there had been one, and sometimes two, sparrowhawks' nests in this particular wood, but in 1917 there was none, no doubt owing to food scarcity, this being the determining factor where hawks are concerned. There was one nest just over the boundary, and it was this pair of birds which were killing off the jays in my covert. During the following winter jays in the adult stage were also taken, and the same has occurred since. The evident assumption is that sparrowhawks were first driven to the new diet by necessity, but having acquired the habit have clung to it since.

The effect on game preservation will merit careful watching. In 1919 I reared about six hundred pheasants, and was compelled to shoot several sparrowhawks which were taking heavy toll of my birds. More jays got off in consequence. In 1920, when I did no rearing, the sparrowhawks were allowed to remain, my coverts containing two nests. The result was very marked, for there was not more than one mature jay for every ten there were about a year ago. Hawks were killing them all through the past winter, so that I shall never regret having tested the theory which previous observation had hatched in my mind. For the future I intend to spare all sparrowhawks, with the exception of those in the vicinity of hand-reared pheasants. In this case it is very necessary to make away with them, otherwise they are highly destructive, especially after the young birds are taken to covert. Not only do they kill large numbers, but their frequent visits harry the chicks so that they dare not leave the shelter of the undergrowth in search of their natural food. Therefore, they do not thrive as they should. In places where keepers are not rearing, but are contenting themselves with the general care of a shoot, I would like them to spare these hawks for a year or two, at all events, until they have reduced the numbers of the destructive jay. The harm resulting to the wild pheasants will be more than compensated, for these offer a more difficult problem to the marauder. Constantly moving about and generally hidden in the long grass or standing corn, they do not expose themselves as much as hand-reared birds. The latter are constantly near their coops, where the herbage is trodden down. There is generally a wide ride between the coops, all of which helps to attract the attention of hawks, as they see the birds on the bare ground so quickly. The keeper

must obviously be given a free hand where rearing is done, but, otherwise, I would say, bear in mind that the sparrowhawk must now be viewed in a different light from that which has become traditional.

The nesting habits of the sparrowhawk are peculiarly adapted to its mode of feeding. It is one of the latest, if not the latest, of our British birds to undertake family responsibilities. True, the nest may be constructed in March, but the eggs are seldom deposited before the last day or two of May. If the season is late, the end of the first week in June is often reached before eggs are produced. From the time when the first egg has been laid the hen bird remains on the nest continuously, that is, unless disturbed. Thus, laying and incubation proceed simultaneously, the hen remaining at the post of duty until the last egg has been hatched; in fact, she does not proceed on foraging excursions until the growing lustiness of the family makes demands on the cock bird which its energy can no longer satisfy. The eggs usually number five, but I have often known six, and on one occasion seven. The young are all steps and stairs, owing to their birth depending on the progressive dates of laying. By the time the young are hatched nearly all other birds have reared their broods, so that there is a plenty of every sort of bird to contribute to the feast. If they hatched six weeks or even a month earlier, adult birds would alone be available, and the catering problem would be impossible.

That a large number of sparrowhawks allow the season to go by without mating is, I think, proved by the fact that my



J. H. Symonds. A HANDSOME RASCAL. Copyright.

father once killed nine from one nest, four hens and five cocks. The conclusion appears to be that the available territory is limited, and that those who have been worsted in the fight for accommodation hold themselves available to fill vacancies. Seldom are the habitations of this bird found nearer than three-quarters of a mile of each other, though kestrel and sparrowhawk may rest within a few yards of one another. In one case I remember the two species actually shared a huge silver spruce, the former availing itself of an old squirrel nest near the summit, the latter choosing for site a point on a low branch no less than 6ft. from the bole.

R. SHARPE.

SHOOTING men should carefully scrutinise the exact language in which the Pigeon Shooting Prohibition Bill is drafted, the very wide terms of the present wording being sufficient to include certain processes, particularly in the management of duck shooting, where truly wild birds are brought under control with a view to preventing their departure *en masse*. If anything were done to discourage the production in quantity of wild ducks, an important contribution to the market supplies of this very economically produced form of food would inevitably result. What the bill prohibits and what it does not prohibit should not depend on a series of test cases after it has become law.

SATINWOOD FURNITURE AT ITS BEST

OLD ENGLISH SILVER AND ENGRAVINGS.

SATINWOOD furniture at its best has always an air of distinction due in a measure to an effect which combines richness and reticence: the one quality apparent in its glorious golden colour, the other in its simple ornamentation of inlay or painting. To my mind no style in furniture is more refined and none more in keeping with Adam interiors. Some magnificent specimens are to be seen at Mr. Frank Partidge's, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Particularly to be admired is a semicircular Adam commode decorated with a painting by Angelica Kauffmann, representing Cupid with a female divinity or nymph, in a medallion occupying the middle panel.

for ever still, are all *en suite*. Here, too, are pole-screens mounted with fine Soho tapestry, wonderful china and pottery, embroideries, tapestries and carpets, some of which are ancient Oriental, while one is of English embroidery. Among the pictures there are two of special interest to Londoners—the views of Old London and Old Westminster Bridges, by Samuel Scott (*circa 1700-1770*), a native of London famous for sea pictures.

A splendid collection of fine Old English silver, the property of Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Crompton-Roberts, D.S.O., comes under the hammer at Messrs. Christie's on Wednesday next. An Elizabethan silver-gilt tazza, the centre of the

band with semicircular edges and a knob. The cover is a beautiful dome having a gadrooned knob and is fluted, the bases of the flutes almost met by a band with reciprocal outline. The most graceful spout suggests half bird, half serpent. The pot was made by Thomas Corbet in 1703. Much of the silver is of the William and Mary period, including two very fine tankards, one of which was made by Thomas Ker of Edinburgh in 1679. The collection is remarkable for very fine spoons ranging from Henry VIII "Apostle" *St. Thomas* (1533) to Charles I *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*. There are many fine seal-top spoons, one pair, *temp. Charles I*, being of splendid workmanship.

On June 7th and 8th Messrs. Sotheby disperse the celebrated collection of engravings formed by the late Henry William Bruton. It comprises mezzotints after the old masters and artists of the eighteenth century by celebrated engravers, colour prints, aquatints, stipple and line engravings and drawings. There is also the remarkably fine portrait of Samuel Lysons, the antiquary and author, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

One of the strong points of the collection is the superb series of mezzotints after Rembrandt, comprising sixty-eight prints, many not merely rare, but in the most rare state and mostly in perfect condition. There is the splendid "Regnier Hansloe and his wife," by Boydell, before all letters, the coat of arms and before the title space was burnished clean. That charming personality Rembrandt's frame-maker by J. Dixon is here in a rare early state. Peculiar interest attaches itself to the print of Rembrandt as a young man, by Valentine Green before the title. It was in the print incorrectly lettered as "Prince Rupert." Here, too, we have "The old woman plucking a fowl" and "The man with the knife," both by Richard Houston.

Of the MacArdell prints the most charming is "Mary, Duchess of Ancaster," after T. Hudson. Compare it with "The Falconer" (Samuel Northcote, jun.), by S. W. Reynolds after James Northcote, for richness and depth. By themselves are the extremely rare and decorative life-size prints of Charles II and the unfortunate Monmouth, by Abraham Blooteling (1634-98) after Lely. The mezzotints after Wright of Derby are most important and exceptionally fine impressions. Peculiar interest lies in the anonymous prints, among which are "Mull'd Sake" and "Charles I." In the last stages of the sale there are works by Dürer, Faithorne, Hogarth, Hollar and Van Dyck.

On Thursday next Messrs. Sotheby will sell valuable books, among which is probably the most elaborate copy of "Songs of Innocence and of Experience," by William Blake, who presented it to his friend Mr. Arkwright. There are also many water-colour drawings of English architecture by Cheschell and Buckle.

The dispersal of the furniture and works of art at Reigate Priory this month includes the important library of over five hundred lots. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's catalogue includes many interesting early editions, particularly the first English edition of "Don Quixote," 1612. The Kelmscott Press, complete sets of R. L. Stevenson, Shelley, Keats and other modern writers, all in fine bindings, are quoted.

Oriental works of art, Persian carpets and rugs were sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on May 27th. Very notable were a fine silk carpet woven at Lahore by Persian weavers imported by the Emperor Akbar. D. VAN DE GOOTE.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.



OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, BY SAMUEL SCOTT.

Springing from the top of the medallion are graceful foliated stems ending in spirals from which hang wreaths of roses, daffodils, convolvuli and other flowers, all exquisitely rendered in delicate inlay. Vases and floral forms occupy the side panels, and the front is surmounted by a beautiful frieze of Greek wave form with foliated ornament. The top is decorated with swags and pendants of flowers hanging from a rosette and bounded by a fine border of ovals and floral forms. Rare cupboards, tables and chairs, an old instrument which perhaps played accompaniments to the loveliest songs of the eighteenth century by voices

bowl adorned with a lady's head and shoulders embossed and chased in a border of birds, leaf sprays and straps, while the stem and base are richly wrought with floral and ornamental forms, will find many admirers. It bears the maker's mark—a snail—and was made in 1583. Larger and more massive is the Queen Anne coffee-pot, a truly magnificent piece. The greater part of the body is plain, sinking into foliated ornament and spear heads in cut cardwork alternatively towards the base which is gadrooned. It is decorated with cut cardwork round the handle. The latter, of wood, looks slightly heavy in proportion, and is mounted in a silver